THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, June 25, 1933

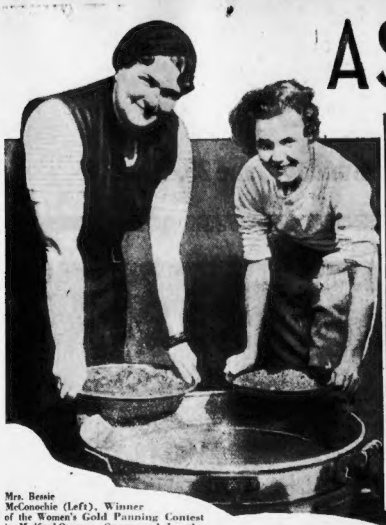
Cupids

by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 3—Spanish

Said Cupid, "That girl is inspired!
She leaves nothing to be desired;"
For a gay Spanish shawl
Was just about all
The costume Mercedes required.

A School for Gold-Diggers



Mrs. Bessie McConchie (Left), Winner of the Women's Gold Panning Contest in Medford, Oregon, Sponsored by the Southern Oregon Mining Association, to Stimulate Interest in Mining. The Contest Was Held in Denver.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

"Students" of Denver's Public School of Placer Mining, the First Such Institution to Be Organized in the Country, Learning the Technique of Extracting Riches From the Earth. Instructors and Geologists Are on Hand to Coach the Workers.

A Teacher Directing a "Wash" by Three Women Who Plan to Devote Their Lives to Gold-Digging, But Not in the Slangy Sense.

PROSPECTORS in the days of '49 learned the business of digging gold in the hard school of experience, and many of them were such apt pupils that they picked up enough of the precious yellow metal to keep themselves, and several generations of descendants in comfortable if not luxurious circumstances. The prospector, like many another figure of the adventurous days of the West, has more or less passed away with the years of diminishing gold strikes, but there is still gold to be taken from the earth and ambitious individuals who are willing, even eager, to work hard for the chance of making a living, and perhaps a fortune, at the business of gold mining.

Knowing these things to be true, the city fathers of Denver recently founded and put into operation the first public school for gold-diggers ever established in this country. In this school, under the hands of able instructors, men and women are studying all the tricks of placer mining.

The school was inspired, perhaps, by the fact that hundreds of people, during the depression, turned their hands to seeking gold because there was nothing else for them to do. In most cases the new-day "sour-doughs" picked and shoveled on more or less worked-out claims where there still was some of the bright ore mixed with the soil. By laboring hard from early in the morning until the sun went down they were able to find enough gold to provide a living.

The average income from prospecting was from $2 to $5 a day, but, once in awhile, a lucky prospector would run onto a patch of ground unusually rich with the metal and have his work rewarded by enough flakes, and an occasional small nugget, to yield him $100 or more when the "pay dirt" was cashed in.

In the Denver school the would-be prospectors are given a thorough instruction in the tricks of locating and working claims, and when they graduate, after proving their ability out in the open Colorado country where there still is some gold to be found, they know as much about placer mining as most of the old-timers who set out for Eldorado in the days of '49.

Competitive examinations are held in which the men and the women of the school vie with each other in "washing" out gold cleanly and speedily. Everyone takes these tests seriously because graduates know that they will have no trouble in cashing in on their education—if they can locate on a claim with "pay dirt" in it.

Countess, Once Social Leader, Asks License to Beg

CENTRAL NEWS

Countess Karoline Czirsky, Who, Not Many Years Ago, Set the Fashions of Budapest, But Who Applied the Other Day to the Police for a License to Beg in the Streets.

THE police officials of the Hungarian capital are well aware of the fact that many members of their country's proud and ancient nobility have fallen on evil days since the World War and that they are eking out modest livings in offices and shops, in factories and on farms. A few of these once wealthy scions of Hungary's landed gentry—those with a talent for music—have become entertainers in cabarets and night clubs where they amuse low-born merry-makers who find a perverse delight in being diverted by their impoverished betters.

But it was not until a few weeks ago that the police were faced with the dramatic and pitiful duty of listening to a proud-featured aristocrat, a woman who hobnobbed with the Hapsburgs and who had maintained one of the most luxurious salons in Budapest in the days of Emperor Franz Josef, humbly apply for a license to beg in the streets.

The applicant was none other than the Countess Karoline Czirsky. The woman was simply dressed, but culture and refinement were plainly evident in her bearing and in her manner of speech.

The lieutenant in charge of the license bureau rose respectfully from his chair and clicked his polished heels together smartly when the would-be beggar gave her name, for he remembered the time when, as a young patrolman, he was detailed to the Czirsky mansion to keep a sharp eye on things during a fancy dress ball.

The gleaming carriages that rolled through the portals of the estate that night, he recalled, were occupied by scores of aristocrats whose names were bywords not only in Hungary but in the capitals and smart watering places of the continent. When his tour of duty was over the Countess, then a spirited and extremely beautiful matron, pressed in his hand a tip that kept him in schnapps and beer for a month.

It is said that the noblewoman smiled gratefully at this mark of respect and went on with her reasons for applying for the right to seek alms in the streets, if she found that necessary to save her from actual hunger. She did not, it was learned, ask any special favors because of her rank or her high estate in better days. She understood that people in her unfortunate position had to go through the embarrassing formalities of filling out applications which, if acceptable to the authorities, were granted by the issuing of cards which gave the holders the right to ask for alms in public places.

No tears came into the eyes of the woman who, for many years, was a prominent figure at the royal courts in Budapest and Vienna. She bore herself with a dignified humility and talked with the police as though they were her legal advisers, peers with whom she found it necessary to discuss some troublesome personal problem.

Just what action was taken did not become part of the public records of the police department—for such things do not have to be made public property in post-war Budapest. But it is believed that the authorities, in some manner known only to them, found a way of saving the Countess Czirsky from soliciting charity on the street corners of the once gay capital.

A few of the noblewoman's acquaintances learned of her dramatic attempt to save herself from actual hunger and they, like the police lieutenant, recalled when her mansion had been one of the brightest spots in the Budapest ruled by the Hapsburgs.

They could understand, too, how she had, at last, come to the point where she was resigned to the prospect of becoming an object of pubic charity, for the high-born wife of the late Count Czirsky had her own ideas of dignity and, they reasoned, she probably deemed it more honorable to beg small coins from strangers than to borrow from friends.

In the last analysis it probably was the old woman's deep love for Count Czirsky that saddled her with her humiliating troubles. Years ago when she married the Count her wealthy parents warned her that they never would consent to her union with a man who had been married before and who had won his freedom from his first wife by a divorce.

But this made no difference. Their daughter went to the altar with her titled fiance and estranged herself from her family and from an inheritance which would have kept her in luxury to the end of her days.

Two Fiddles That Weigh 3 Grams

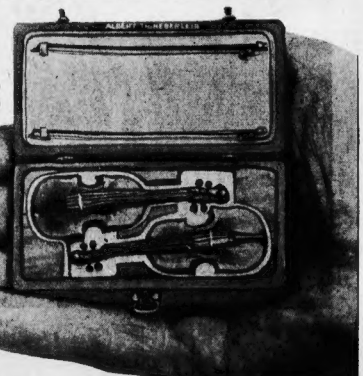
WHEN Albert Theodor Heberlein, the famous violin maker of Saxony, has any spare time on his hands he does not quit his workshop for some seaside or mountain resort to recuperate from his exacting labors—he designs and makes little violins, like those shown in the photograph, for his pleasure and to increase his already remarkable skill.

The pair of diminutive fiddles in the case are perfect in every detail although they are only a little more than two inches long. Their carved backs and fronts are made in exact proportion to a full-size instrument and even their ebony keyboard and pegs are perfectly made.

Herr Heberlein worked for nearly a year before he completed the first of the tiny instruments complete with its bow. He enjoyed the difficult job, but he explained to his friends that he could have made at least three normal-sized violins while he was making one of the models.

The strings of the fiddles are almost as delicate as hairs and the bridges on which they rest are carved with fidelity in spite of the fact that they are only a few millimetres in height. To make these Herr Heberlein has to employ a powerful magnifying glass in order to see what he was doing.

When the miniature instruments and their bows were completed their creator completed the job by constructing a case to hold them. This case, as the picture shows, easily fits into the palm of one of his capable hands.



KEYSTONE

The Violin-Maker, Albert Theodor Heberlein, of Markneukirchen, Saxony, Has Just Completed These Two Miniature But Workable Fiddles, Which Together Weigh Only Three Grams.

The Courtesy Doctor—For Business

CULVER SERVICE PHOTO

Miss Joan E. Wing, the "Doctor of Courtesy", Whose Extraordinary and Renumerative Job is That of Teaching Employes of Large Business Firms to Put On Their Best Company Manners.

"YEAH, this is Beekman 802061. Naw, he aint in."

"Well, you gotta tell me first what ya wanna see 'im about."

"Sure, maybe Mr. Jones will give you an appointment for a month from last Friday."

These snippy and indifferent answers given by bored secretaries, reception clerks, and telephone operators gave Joan E. Wing of Yonkers, New York, an idea. To demonstrate this idea she called on the president of a large manufacturing and distributing company, who, after a great deal of persuasion, gave her a temporary position as "courtesy supervisor."

Joan Wing made the employes of that corporation take out their company manners and use them every day. She made the telephone girls put personality and cheerfulness into their voices. The results, in good humor and efficiency were so positive that she decided to become a "courtesy doctor" and extend her services to other concerns.

Today this teaching of courtesy is organized as a going concern with offices, field representatives, surveys and reports. Miss Wing works only on a consulting basis, and when she undertakes to install her system, she first studies the business. Then, singly and in groups, she gives the employes the point of view of Mr. and Mrs. Customer. From the lowliest office boy to the president, each and every member of the staff must attend her lectures and demonstrations.

She devises situations and the proper replies to be made when a person wanted on the telephone is not available, how to take a message, how to get rid of unwelcome callers, how to rectify errors, and how to express the personality of the concern.

So thorough is the "courtesy doctor's" training course that, after its completion, many clients ask her to continue with periodic supervision. Perhaps her most distinguished client was the United States Shipping Board in New York.

In the course of her work, Miss Wing has made some interesting discoveries about the temperament of various classes of employes. "Salesmen on commission," she has found, "know the value of being polite to their trade because their earnings directly depend on the business they do. It is the office employe, far removed from direct contact with the source of the company's prosperity, who is the chief offender. And in this connection, I believe that office managers and private secretaries to the company's officials are tied for first place as tough cases. The former feels that if he doesn't look grim and bark out his orders, the entire staff will loaf on the job. My job is to convince him that he can get more and better work out of people if he treats them in a pleasant, dignified and friendly manner.

"When it comes to the private secretary, it's easy to understand why she likes to assume too much authority. Remember, she has all the hack work and drudgery of her boss's job, and none of the thrills and praise for a good piece of work. I realize that one of her big duties is to keep people from pestering her boss, but she must learn how to turn them away without making them feel they should be everlastingly grateful to her for not socking them in the jaw."

Does courtesy pay? The question was put to an official in whose company Miss Wing installed her system. "Does it pay? Say that girl not only knows her onions, but she knows how to bunch them," he responded.

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Whole *at is Love?* Nobody Knows

*Pecu*lthy Mr. Welsh, Sued for Breach of Promise, Said He Was *an*capable of Love," ut There Were Many Gushing Letters, and the Jury Assessed Him $25,000

The Attractive Pennsylvania Estate of Mr. Welsh, Where Estelle Thought She Was Going to Preside as Wife. And When Mr. Welsh Refused to Marry Her She Asked for $250,000 to Mend Her Broken, Disappointed Heart.

Mrs. Charles Newbold Welsh, the Former Model and Manicure Girl, Who Had No Sympathy With Mrs. Estelle Wolon's Claims on Her Husband.

Mr. Charles Newbold Welsh, Philadelphia Millionaire, in a Snapshot Taken With Mrs. Estelle M. Wolon, Chicago Widow, Who Told the Jury She Thought She Was on Her Way to Become Mrs. Welsh.

If Mr. Welsh Was "Incapable of Love," as He Insists, Then It May Have Been a Jackass Which Guided His Pen as He Wrote the Letters Which the Jury Thought Sounded Like Genuine Love Letters.

Mrs. Welsh, the Former Edna McClure, and Two of Her Prize Dogs.

"There is nothing so divine,
There is nothing half so fine,
As the gladness of your madness,
When you Love! Love! Love!"

—From the popular song by Paul Tietjens. Copyright by M. Witmark & Sons.

MORE has been written about love than anything else in the world; yet nobody knows what it is.

The other day a learned judge made this clear in a Philadelphia court when he said that there are so many varieties of it, good and bad, that love is the hardest word in the English language to define.

This would indicate that the man who promises at the altar to love his bride until death doth them part, has not committed himself to anything definite, any more than if he had agreed to buy her a coat, without specifying whether it was to be of mink worth $10,000 or merely flannel, costing $10.

This universal ignorance of what "makes the world go round" was revealed in the breach-of-promise suit of Wolen versus Welsh. Plenty had happened, but were these happenings love and, if so, was it high, noble and expensive, or low, ignoble and inexpensive or one or any of the various grades between? The jury had to decide this in order to estimate how much Mr. Charles Newbold Welsh, elderly, wealthy and married society man, of Philadelphia, owed the buxom but lovelorn Chicago divorcee, Mrs. Estelle M. Wolon.

"Did you or did you not love this plaintiff?" thundered Lawyer William A. Gray again and again at the millionaire clubman. The defendant could only answer that he didn't think so, that he had only been very, very fond of the woman. Finally, worried and perspiring, Mr. Welsh explained that he was "incapable of love," that he was not strong enough to love.

At this point Mr. Gray triumphantly produced a telegram that Mr. Welsh had sent to Mrs. Wolon which read: "JUST LEAVING. LOVE AND KISSES."

"What did you mean by that?" the lawyer demanded, and Welsh answered weakly:

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I meant good wishes."

The lawyer was about to hurl another question at the witness when Judge Horace Stern observed:

"Love is the hardest word in the English language to define."

Later, in charging the jury and telling them some of the varieties of love, high and low, the judge said:

"Love is a very broad word and love is by no means synonymous with marriage."

It was not disputed that the rich man had given Mrs. Wolon a number of trips to various parts of the world and one all the way around it, also many checks, some running as high as $10,000.

Lawyer Gray told the jury that his client's love was something more than mere love of sex.

"Love of checks," wickedly suggested William T. Connor, who was defending Welsh.

Mrs. Wolon was disappointed when the jury awarded her only $25,000. She had estimated the bill at $250,000, and therefore considers she received only ten cents on the dollar of her claim. She cannot understand why twelve men should be so "stingy" with another man's money. Can it be that they did not realize that, just because a woman is 45, buxom and well-nourished, does not prove that her heart is not as badly broken and as costly to repair as if she were pale and frail and weighed only 100 pounds?

Charles Newbold Welsh, the 60-year-old swain, though "incapable of love," inherited some $3,000,000 in securities and much real estate from his father, the late John Lowber Welsh, traction magnate, and doubtless he has other endearing old charms. He has married twice, has two children by his first wife and his second one still wants him. In 1904, at the age of 30, he wedded Helen Gallatin, of the old banking family and one of the belles of New York's 400. Her brother, Jack Gallatin, was the most celebrated Broadway rounder of his day and was engaged for a while to Edna Wallace Hopper. After presenting him with two children Helen divorced her love-proof husband. A week later he married the much younger Edna McClure, known as the most-photographed model in Philadelphia.

She was a model wife, too, with a love that passeth all understanding because instead of starting a divorce rumpus over Mrs. Wolon, she helped her husband by refreshing his memory about the affair. Mr. Welsh, in reply to questions, produced a memorandum from which he read the following:

"Met Mrs. Wolon, February 27, 1927, French Lick, Ind. Went to Flagstaff, Arizona, with son. Took her with me. She took me to her apartment. Went to Tucson, Arizona. Took her to Europe. Took her to Honolulu. Took her around the world. Left her in Marseilles and went to meet Mrs. Welsh in Paris."

Asked where he got that memorandum, he astonished the court by calmly replying that he had copied it from a record his wife had kept. If Welsh could not furnish love he could at least supply the romantic scenery, as Mrs. Wolon related in opening the five-day case. In two years he had taken her to Honolulu, Japan, Vancouver, Banff, Seattle, Europe and other places besides a round-the-world trip, to say nothing of handing her over $22,000 in the first fourteen months, for spending money. But the high spot which surely must have interested his wife the most and caused her to think when she goes to bed in her beautiful home at Bryn Mawr, was the occasion when Mrs. Wolon visited there while the lady of the mansion was away.

Estelle testified that she occupied the wife's bedroom and when, in those unusual surroundings, Mr. Welsh said that he would marry her as soon as he could divorce his wife, Edna, she thought his intentions were surely serious. On the strength of them she got rid of her reasonably satisfactory husband for this bigger and better financial prospect. Now she finds herself all divorced and no place to go.

It was in Paris, she says, that she met Mrs. Welsh and was pained to learn that the lady had other plans than being divorced. Mrs. Welsh said that her husband was "a drunkard, a woman-chaser and no cinch for any woman," Estelle stated. In spite of these slight imperfections, she loved him just the same. Mrs. Wolon was quite upset and insisted that Welsh should choose between the two women. His wife favored the idea, but when the proposition was put up to Charles he gallantly replied:

"I love both of you."

This decision was made even more annoying by his walking away with his wife. However, Mrs. Wolon kept in communication with him, and in court they used the correspondence against each other. She sent him the book, "Ex-Mistress" and the following letter about it:

"My dearest, I hope you enjoyed the book. Never, when I read it six months ago, did I dream I would class myself with her. I guess that is all I am. After all, I admire her squareness and her fairness much better than most wives I know." All the brainiest women in history were immoral."

This was brought in, not so much to prove "turpitude" but that the plaintiff did not at that time have any expectations of marriage. These thoughts apparently came later causing her to bring two breach-of-promise suits, each for a quarter of a million in Chicago, changing her mind and voluntarily non-suiting them, with the privilege of reviving them if she changed her mind again, as indeed she did. In the third suit, she did not specify the financial damages she had suffered, leaving that to the jury. After the first suit she wrote:

"I am terribly ashamed I lost you. But proud that I loved you, I am proud that I dared to go on loving even when I lost the one I loved. I am proud I went on living even when I failed at love.

"Tears, prayers, loneliness, heartaches, grief—they say I am terribly changed. How I needed you when my mother passed away. I remember I comforted you when you needed me. I wonder if you ever think kindly of me.

"I close my eyes and remember nights of such perfect beauty, of such simplicity of love, of the beauty of our oneness.

"There was nothing bad or mean in our love for each other. Please, Charles, try to understand. I wanted and needed you. Sometimes I ached with all my soul to hear the sound of your voice. Will you forgive me?

"It seems unforgivable, but I also forgave your great frailty of human flesh. Turn about is fair play. I want forgiveness. I've hurt your pride and you've hurt my heart. Go on and be happy with my spirit back of you. I give you my hands to hold and my lips to kiss, if not in love, then in friendship and forgiveness."

Though there was nothing mean, she could not help being just a mite jealous of his wife Edna, for she wrote:

"It hurts to know I was such a plaything in your life. Everything you possess seems to mean Edna to you. I suggest that all your physical inspiration, as well as your mental, come from her in the future. I cannot think of any more trips with you, Charles, as they only upset my equilibrium and my emotions are aroused for months afterward.

"I must think of the consequences, too. I think I have been a bit foolish. It hurts, after two years, to know that I have no home, no future insurance, no car—only words.

"I cannot believe you want me out of your life, but I know I am not the big part you try to make me believe. True love wants to protect. If not it is unworthy. I do not want to cultivate and encourage a love that is purely physical. My nature is not debased enough.

"What does the future hold for me—a park full of orchids or a grave in a cemetery shaded by cypress trees? A mounted, golden throne or an operating table in some hospital? My life has been beautiful. My death shall be beautiful. I shall still go on seeking illusions in a lying world."

The orchids and the golden throne were supposed to indicate that "checks appeal" element in her love. In another letter appears a practical thought all mixed up with pathos and sentiment, as follows:

"Charles, dear, I tried so hard to hate you and thought I could forget you easily. I am proud to have loved you. I sometimes ache with misery of soul to hear your voice. Can't you sell some stocks and buy Estelle a mink coat?"

This was in 1930, when stocks had been tumbling for more than a year and Charles thought it a poor idea. Estelle had to shiver along in her last year's coat. To prove that Mr. Welsh liked traveling with her better than his own wife, Mrs. Wolon introduced this one from him:

"When I got your letter on the boat, I just turned over in my bunk and cried my eyes out. It is the most delightful letter one could receive. So much good advice in it for me and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate it. I am a poor, lost, wondering stranger without dearest Estelle. This is a different trip from the last one we took. The boat is crowded, but there are very few attractive people on board. This is more like a French hotel than a liner.

"I only wanted you to know I am thinking of you. Now, dear, one big good night and a great big kiss. Yours, Charles.

"P. S. I was talking to a few old women on the boat last night and am in a rotten, bad temper today. I have been thinking about you, but there is no use thinking about what one cannot have. You have my love and a big kiss."

One wonders what his wife would have said if he had told her what he was crying about. If that letter from Estelle pleased him so much what would have happened had she asked for the coat at that time? Would he have cabled the price from Paris or would he have failed to like the letter so well? The lawyers did not go into that.

After the trial, Mrs. Welsh was asked if she was thinking of getting a divorce on the strength of the evidence revealed. The former studio beauty replied:

"Nothing of the kind is contemplated. I understand such things perfectly."

This perfect understanding may be partly due to the fact that for several years she, too, stood outside of matrimony looking longingly inside, while Welsh was married to his first wife. Mrs. Welsh No. 1 had been very bitter about Edna, giving large interviews in which she said that her husband had taken Edna to Europe, Japan, Australia and California, had spent money on her, had gotten her a stateroom on the same boat on which he had gone to Europe with his own wife, and had offered her an income of $50,000 a year for herself and the boys if she would keep quiet about Edna. Even after her husband was divorced and had a new wife, Helen Gallatin Welsh kept on saying "he was a confirmed drunkard and a man of dissolute and immoral habits," unfit to take care of the children.

Thus, it is history repeating itself except for one little exception, this time the wife hasn't any intention of stepping aside for the benefit of any rival. That, too, may be one of the fifty-seven kinds of love even if it isn't the one Poe had in mind when he wrote his famous lines:

"We loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee."

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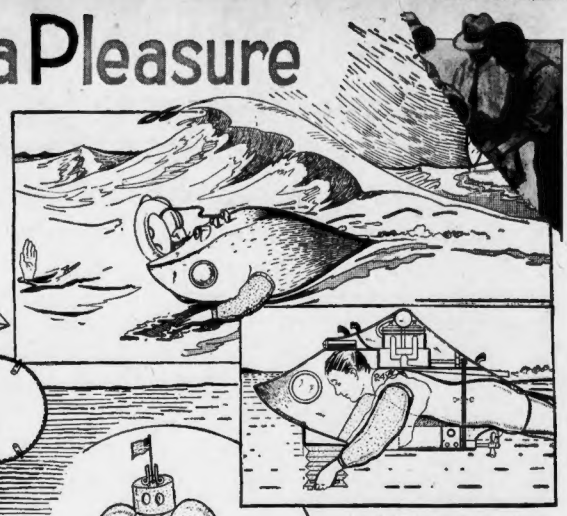
Making Shipwreck a Pleasure

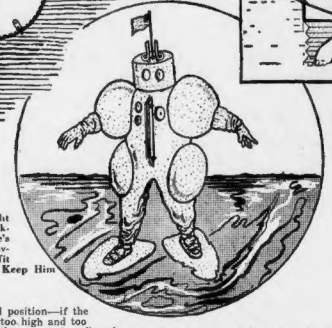
In 1906 This Signal Device in the Form of Two Balloons Attached To An Ordinary Life-Preserver Was Patented. When One Falls Into the Water With This Invention, He Breaks a Capsule Which Automatically Inflates the Balloons.

This Nonchalant Gentleman Takes No Chances on a Ship Sinking and Therefore Wears a "Floating Vest" Which is Not So Natty When Inflated by Lung-Power, But Which Keeps One Afloat Until Help Arrives.

Left—When a Ship Goes Down, There's no Sense in Being Uncomfortable, Says the Inventor of This Marine Bedstead, Who Has It All Figured Out That a Shipwreck Victim Can Use This Apparatus for Reclining Easily Until Rescuers Come.



Below—A Man Castaway Becomes His Own Boat With This Patented Contraption. The Forward Section of the Floating Arrangement Is Equipped With Compartments for Food, Water and Whisky.



The Fellow at the Right Looks Like Another Frankenstein Monster. But He's Just a Shipwrecked Traveler in an Inflated Outfit With Pontoon Shoes to Keep Him on His Feet.

At the Top, the Drawing Shows a Human Fish Going to the Rescue of a Drowning Man Who Didn't Think to Equip Himself With One of the Suits. The Man Who Looks Like a Fish Is Wearing a Flexible Suit With a Porthole. The Diagram Shows How This Compartment Is Built. The Wearer Kicks His Legs and Uses a Hand-Bellows to Turn a Propeller

INVENTIVE genius, in its urge to make the earth—and the sea—safer places for humans, has imagined, devised and actually patented a curious and interesting assortment of life-preservers, the like of which are not to be found on any of the ships which sail the Seven Seas. A few of these intended boons to seagoing mankind are shown on this page. And, believe it or not, none of them is what might be called an old idea, for every one of these patents was granted since the turn of the twentieth century.

The drawing at the extreme left shows what is called a "signal attachment for life-preservers." It was conceived by one Ada Crofford, of Newcastle, Wyoming, and consists of two balloons, which, the patent papers explain, can be inflated by breaking a capsule containing certain gas-forming chemicals. To insure greater visibility the balloons are made of brightly striped material and are painted with luminous paint to make them gleam at night.

Just beside the illustration of this invention is a creation bearing the simple title "life-saving apparel." This, as the sketch shows, is an outfit fashioned on the order of a union suit and equipped with sections which, in case of emergency, can be blown full of air, thus becoming buoyant enough to keep the wearer afloat. Certainly some such costume as this would appeal to over-timid travelers who have the urge to tie on a life-preserver the instant a ship runs into rough weather.

In 1914 Mr. Peter M. Freely, of New York City, was granted a patent on what looks like nothing so much as an aquatic sleeping bag. This device, depicted above, is perhaps the most comfortable, if not the most practical, life-preserver yet conceived. It is a telescoping aid to sea travelers which can be folded into small space and instantly opened and made ready for use. The apparatus is so balanced that it floats in a horizontal position—if the waves are not too high and too violent—while the occupant reclines in more or less comfort. A hood, which covers the head of the wearer, can be closed to the sea, or opened, weather permitting.

An even more elaborate outfit for luckless roamers of the sea is the combination life-preserver and sailboat shown in the center of the page. This apparatus, invented by George Hamberger and Gustav Adolf Steizer, has just about all the comforts that such a device could have. In addition to the float, to which the victim of shipwreck is supposed to strap himself, there are many compartments containing such essentials as food and drink—including a chamber for whisky—a pistol and blank cartridges and a compass. The inventors also pointed out that a megaphone might be included in the accessories.

A few months before the armistice was signed the voluminous files of the United States Patent Office were augmented by what is perhaps the most novel and imaginative life-saving device conceived since the days of Jules Verne. The sketch at the extreme right of the page shows this invention in action and the diagram below the sketch shows how the occupant propels the "boat," as it is called, by kicking his feet and working a bellows with his hands.

And last, but far from least, comes what might be dubbed the Frankenstein life-saving suit. This odd outfit, which bulges with inflated sections, has a set of seagoing snowshoes to hold the wearer erect, and a helmet fitted with air tubes and, as a final patriotic touch, a small pole which flies the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Dancer Wins Stardom—As a Costume Designer

IN London, Paris, Berlin and Budapest, and half a dozen other large European cities, theatregoers and night club patrons are familiar with the beauty and the skill of the Hungarian dancer, La Jana. Wherever and whenever she makes an appearance the "standing room only" sign is out long before the performance begins.

La Jana has the sort of vivacious personality that would draw audiences, no matter what she wore when she danced—and in some of her numbers she covers her beautifully molded body with little more than is necessary to satisfy the broad-minded censors — but she is quite as celebrated for her costumes as for her dancing.

Quite by chance, because the dancer saw nothing remarkable in the fact, a producer of English stage revues recently learned that the Hungarian girl has, ever since she made her stage debut in Budapest, designed most of her professional wardrobe. He saw, being a good showman, an unusual opportunity to add to the fame and fortune of La Jana, not to mention his own reputation and bank balance, by engaging her to dance for him in fascinating outfits of her own creation.

The idea met with the favor of the star of the stage and night club and she signed a contract which gave her a free hand in planning an entirely new wardrobe for herself. The producer even went so far as to have some of his stage sets made to harmonize with La Jana's costumes.

In the photograph the Hungarian dancer is shown wearing one of her more imaginative creations which she calls "Half an Airwoman," for reasons which are immediately apparent. The outfit suggests, cleverly, the sort of flying clothes affected by members of her sex who take to the air, but it would never do for actual service.

Just as striking, but in an entirely different way, is the costume which La Jana conceived for a South Sea Island dance. This consists of a small jacket which covers only her upper body and a full skirt which fits snugly to her waist and reaches to her heels. The cut of the skirt is not particularly unusual, but the pattern of the material has the original La Jana touch—it is composed of huge flowers more than a foot in diameter and these lush, tropical blossoms are against a background of vivid green, as though they were blooming in some jungle spot.

The dancer sees nothing unusual in her knack for creating her own wardrobe and thinks that there are plenty of dancers who could do the same thing, if they wanted to. "It is not work, at all," she says. "It is fun. And who knows, when I am too old to dance, perhaps I shall go to Paris and be one of those fashion czars."

CENTRAL NEWS — PHOTO

La Jana, the Hungarian Dancer Who Won Such Fame With Her Remarkable Costumes, Has Been Engaged to Design and Dance for a Famous English Producer. She Is Shown Wearing One of Her Creations—the Half-Airwoman Uniform.

Dried-Apple Dolls Made by a Tennessee Woman Have Stirred Up Some of the Hill Dwellers Thereabouts. The Doll-Maker Went in for Realism and Caricatured Some of the Mountain Characters. The Two Photographs Show to What Extent She Managed to Inject Realism Into Her Work.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO. - PHOTOS

Dried Apple Dolls Depict Hill Folks

THANKS to the imagination and ingenuity of a young woman in Knoxville, Tennessee, the apple has come into its own as an artistic medium. When it blushes red on the limb the apple is pleasant to gaze upon and, if ripe, to eat, but it lacks the artistic possibilities with which it becomes endowed when it is dry, brown and wrinkled.

That's what the observant resident of Tennessee discovered in her job of handling dried apples. Some of the fruit looked like nothing except apples without the firmness and bloom of ripeness, but others were puffed and wrinkled in such ways that they looked like caricatures of the faces of people, in particular like some of the characters in the Tennessee mountains.

The apple woman set aside the fruit that seemed to have artistic possibilities and with a few clever touches made them into the sort of dolls that are shown in the photographs above.

The making of the bodies to go with the funny apple faces is quite a trick in itself, for the torsos, arms and legs have to be in the proper proportion to the faces to secure the interesting effect visible in the photographs. Then, too, the costumes have to be cut, sewn and fitted to complete the caricatures.

Fortunately, the apple artist is familiar with the hill billy types of Tennessee. She knows the expressions on their sun-tanned faces, their manner of carrying themselves and their mode of dress. She knows the sort of clothes they wear as they go about their everyday tasks of working their farms, and their way of dressing when they go to church or to town.

Some of the mountain people who have seen these exaggerated representations of themselves find the dolls highly amusing. But others regard the caricatures as distinctly unflattering.

Twins That Puzzle Science

IDENTICAL twins — children that sprang from the same cell, so that they are similar physically and mentally—are no longer much of a puzzle to scientists, for more than 5,000 pairs of such twins are born in the United States every year. But when one member of such twin teams is an albino, that is an extremely rare event which the physiologists find much more difficult to explain.

Because statistics show that one albino is born to every 10,000 ordinary individuals, it would seem that every year should see the birth of an albino twin in this country. But such is not the case. The albino youngster—Lionel Rios—shown in the picture below with his mother and his normal twin brother, Daniel, Jr., is said to be the second such identical twin born in America. Their mother is a Mexican, who makes her home on Catalina Island, California.

If the men of science have no way of predicting when an albino twin is due to arrive, they at least know why the child is so pronouncedly and abnormally blond. Like all other people of his rare complexion, he lacks the power, in his system, to manufacture the darkening pigments that normal people possess. This means that the albino is colorless. His hair is white, his skin is waxen in appearance and even the grey-matter in his brain is not really grey, but is as pale and toneless as the skin on his body and the hair on his head.

WIDE WORLD — PHOTO

Mrs. Daniel Rios With Her Twin Youngsters, One Dark and Swarthy and the Other an Albino Blond, With Pink Eyes and Alabaster Skin.

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Wholesale Murders by the "Demon Trio" of Dortmund

Peculiarly Heartless Killings of Women and Young Girls Which Terrified the City for Two Years Suddenly Ended by the Accidental Discovery of the Mysterious Band

August Scheer, the Brains of the Gang, Who Lured the Victims.

August Schulte, the Husky Brute Whose Job Was to Be the Executioner.

Eberhard Pieper, Who Drove the Car and Was General Handy Man in the "Demon Trio."

Arriving at a Lonely Wood in the Outskirts of Dortmund, Narowski Was Told to Get Out of the Car. He Was Seized, Bound and Gagged and Finally Tied Tightly to a Forest Tree. Scheer Covered Him With His Pistol While Schulte Went Through His Pockets and Found the Keys to His Office and Safe. The Unfortunate Man Was Left There During the Night While the Robbers Searched His Office and Helped Themselves to Everything of Value, Including His Check Book. Returning Next Morning, the Gang Put a Rope Around Narowski's Neck and Threw the End Up Over a Branch of the Tree. One Hand Was Released and the Victim Was Ordered to Sign Two Checks. Then the Man Was Hanged.

DORTMUND, Germany, June 16.

THE mysterious disappearance of a number of women and girls in Dortmund, which has terrified this city for the last two years, is now explained. When every resource of the police had failed, an accident led to the discovery of a peculiarly heartless association of robbers and murderers who are known as the "Demon Trio." Poor, unemployed women who were seeking a job were cleverly decoyed into traps by enticing advertisements, cruelly murdered and robbed of their savings.

The police were completely baffled. Despite every conceivable precautionary measure, criminal specialists made no headway.

Then, one day, a ghastly discovery was made in the outskirts of Dortmund. A woodcutter's curiosity was attracted by a pile of shrubs. He removed them and found the body of a woman. An autopsy revealed that she must have been dead for some time. Her skull was completely crushed. Her face was distorted beyond recognition.

An inquiry led to the discovery that the victim of this atrocious murder was Frau Martha Schur, aged 51. She was a widow who lived alone in a little cottage in Hagen, not far from Dortmund. Her home, it was found, had been completely ransacked.

Lucille Poitier, a Missing Young French Girl Who Is Believed to Have Been One of the Many Victims of the "Demon Trio."

In November of last year another woman suddenly disappeared. It was another widow, Frau Emma Schneider, of Herford, near Dortmund. She was 40 years old and unemployed. As in the case of Frau Schur, this woman's home, too, was found ransacked and all valuables stolen. While the body could not be found, the police were convinced that the murder was committed by the same criminals who had killed Frau Schur.

Frau Martha Schur, One of the Murdered Victims.

Matilda Smith, Another Victim.

Emma Schneider, Whose Body Was Found After the Trio's Arrest.

But how were the victims lured away from their homes? What methods were used? Was there only one murderer or a gang of them? All these questions continued to baffle the police. No solution could be found.

But one day something happened which gave the police a new and very valuable clue. A woman from the town of Herrington, near Dortmund, who was looking for work, read an advertisement in a Dortmund newspaper, in which a manageress was wanted. The "ad" stated that applicants must be in a position to deposit a security of five hundred marks.

A little mistrustful, the woman took her husband along with her. When they arrived in Soelde they waited on the station platform, as was agreed upon, but nobody was there. The woman reported the case to the police, who suspected some connection between this case and the murders, and believed that the presence of the husband had overthrown the plans of the advertiser.

A short time afterwards, another woman from Essen also answered an advertisement, offering a job as housekeeper. This time no security was demanded.

The woman agreed to come to the town of Luenen and wait at the station where, she was told, she would be met. About ten minutes after arriving—after everyone had left—a man hurriedly approached her and declared he was prepared to take her to her place of employment.

Both left the city. The man evidently wanted to lead her to some secluded spot. They were approaching a small wood when the girl suddenly became suspicious. He made a rather bad impression, was poorly dressed and insisted on carrying her suitcase. She refused. Although he had taken the suitcase in his hand she succeeded in wresting it away from him and fleeing. This case, too, was reported to the police. All details were carefully registered.

A few weeks later a new case happened. A 34-year-old woman from Herzogenrath, near Dortmund, answered an "ad" in which a housekeeper was wanted. She, too, was asked to come to a station and told that she would be awaited there. This time the town was Westhofen.

She was met on the platform by a man who struck fear in her heart. His eyes, she later stated, spoke her mistrustful. He was dressed very poorly. As they walked along he asked her a number of questions. One of them was, how much money she had. When he learned that she was poor and had no money with her, he suddenly made some excuse and ran away.

A number of other such cases were also reported to the police, who now had a considerable amount of material proving that each of the cases in some way resembled the other. It was evident to them that what the gang was after was money and that where there was none, they were not interested. If money, however, was at hand, they would not shrink from the most brutal crime to get it in their possession.

The first real clue, which finally led to the lifting of the veil of mystery surrounding the machinations of this gang of murderers, was delivered into the hands of the police with the murder of a man, Franz Narowski, aged 48. It was the first time, as far as is known up to now, that the murderers violated their principles of selecting only women victims. It proved fatal to them.

Franz Narowski was a wood-dealer who lived in Witten-Annen, a small town near Dortmund. The circumstances surrounding his murder are particularly dramatic. He disappeared one day in February of this year.

During the night of the day of his disappearance, a gardener in Holzwiekede, a neighboring town, made a peculiar observation. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning when he saw a big black touring-car drive past his house. He was watching it disappear when it suddenly stopped, remained motionless for a few minutes, turned around and came back again. It passed his house and returned in the direction it originally had come from. A little suspicious, the gardener, who was a methodical man, took out his notebook and made a note of the number of the car.

On the following day the disappearance of the wood-dealer Narowski became known. Suspecting some connection, the gardener went to the police station and reported his observations, at the same time giving the officials the number of the mysterious car.

Within a few minutes the police were able to ascertain the owner of the car whose name was Eberhard Pieper, aged 25, of Dortmund. The police raided his home and arrested Pieper and a companion, 41-year-old August Scheer, who proved to be another member of the gang.

The story Scheer told of how the wood-dealer Narowski had been murdered was as dramatic as it was shocking. Narowski was called up on the telephone and offered a large quantity of wood at a very low price. Narowski agreed to buy it. The caller told Narowski an automobile would call for him and take him to the spot where the wood could be bought. Narowski agreed.

The car came at the appointed hour and Narowski stepped into it. There were two men in the car. After a long ride they arrived at a lonely wood near the village of Holzwiekede where Narowski was told to get out. He was seized, bound and gagged, and finally roped tightly to a tree. Scheer covered him with a pistol, while August Schulte, the third member of the gang, rifled Narowski's pockets. He took his safe keys and all other valuables in his possession. Then Scheer and Schulte sped off in the car, leaving Narowski bound to the tree.

They drove to Narowski's office where they completely ransacked the safe and writing desk, stealing all valuables and check books. The next morning they returned to the spot where Narowski stood still bound to the tree. Narowski was still alive. They released his hands and ordered him to sign two checks. Then they tied a rope around his neck and hanged him.

This confession by Pieper and Scheer enabled the police to move very swiftly from then on. Now it was known that the gang consisted of three men and that Schulte was still at large.

Again the watchfulness of the public played an important role. One day a man came to a repair shop in Gronau near the Dutch frontier to have his bicycle lamp fixed. In the conversation with the proprietor which followed, the stranger asked what was the shortest and quickest way to get to the Dutch frontier, stating that he wanted to get into Holland.

The mechanic pretended to be willing to show him how to get over the border but cautioned him that it was too late that day since the best time to go over was early in the morning. The stranger thereupon invited the mechanic to have a drink with him. Later the stranger took a room for the night.

In the morning, while having breakfast, the mechanic was glancing through the newspaper when he saw an announcement referring to Schulte as being sought by the police. There was an exact description of him and a picture. The mechanic immediately recognized his acquaintance of the night before. He ran to the police station and within a few minutes Schulte, who is forty years old, was locked up in a cell.

Scheer meanwhile had confessed the murder of Fr[illegible]ma Schneider and told the polic[illegible] the body was buried. He was [illegible] spot, a desolate corner of a [illegible]ere the body actually was found. On top of the body of the unfortunate woman lay her empty handbag and her umbrella.

The murder of Matilda Smith was also established as the work of the "Demon Trio."

The police are certain that these cases do not include all the crimes actually committed by this cold-blooded trio. It is known that they spread their net over a number of countries by advertising in English, French, Belgian and Dutch newspapers. How many other women and girls were murdered by them is a question which can be answered only after the police organizations of those countries have completed their inquiries, which now are going on. But authorities believe that the list of crimes of these three men is very much longer, and the photograph and description of an attractive French girl, Lucille Poitier, have been sent out in the belief she is a victim.

It has been established that the gang worked very efficiently and had drawn up articles of association assigning the particular role each of the "Demon Trio" was to play. Schulte, the most brutal of the three, appears to have been the leader. He even treated his partners with great brutality. He was assigned the part of "executioner," a role for which he was especially fitted. He is a man of powerful physique with extraordinarily large hands. When he clutched the throat of a victim with these huge hands, all was soon over.

But Scheer was the brains of the organization. He handled the department which set up the advertisements. It was his duty to spread the net and lure the victims into it. When they were caught he turned them over to Schulte, the "executioner."

Pieper was the general handy man. He drove the car whenever necessary and made himself useful as best he could.

The receipts derived from the crimes do not appear to have been large, judging from what they have confessed and from books kept by them. In the case of Frau Schur, for instance, they did not take in anything because they could not find the money. Frau Schneider, at the time of her murder, had only 130 marks in her possession and Narowski only 200 marks. The checks which Narowski had to sign before he was hanged were valueless because the bank held up payment on them.

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Wanted, Dead Or Alive

THE Japanese War Office has posted $2,500 reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Col. Nardine Juan, described as the "brains" of the Chinese army, who has caused the Japs more trouble than all other Chinese officers combined.

This is not unusual, for the Japanese very frequently put a price on the head of a troublesome Chinaman. The odd thing about it is the further fact that Col. Nardine Juan is a woman.

She is only part Chinese. Her father was a Spanish diplomat in the Far East, and her mother was half Belgian and half Chinese. She is the "Number One" widow of the Shantung war lord, Marshal Chang Tsung-Chang, who was assassinated last year, and when he died, she took an oath to become as great a fighter as he was.

She is still a young woman, but she is merciless in the field and shrewder than the Japs at military tactics. Her standing orders to her troops are that they must give no quarter and take no prisoners—every Japanese soldier who falls into their hands is killed. The very fact that her regiment is likely to be met in battle is enough to cause panic in the Japanese ranks, so the Jap high command is very anxious to get rid of her.

Nardine met her late husband, the Marshal Chang Tsung-Chang, some years ago, when her father took her along

The "Number One" Widow of the War Lord Became a Colonel in the Chinese Army and Distinguished Herself Under Fire.

with him on a diplomatic journey to Shantung. The Marshal in twenty-five years had climbed from the rank of an ordinary bandit to be virtual emperor of Shantung, one of the wealthiest provinces of China, and he ruled 40,000,000 people. He also had built up a huge fortune for himself, estimated to be more than $100,000,000. Chang was a handsome fellow, a giant in build, who stood 7 feet in his stockings and was broad in proportion.

He was a striking figure in his Marshal's uniform, and he was a great success among the ladies, because of his wealth and generosity, and also because he was a courtly lover. Not only did he command a large and powerful army, but he owned half a dozen palaces, and at the time Nardine met him, he already had nearly a hundred wives, including several white women, as well as a company of fifty mistresses.

It is often hard enough to take a man away from one wife, and when there are 150 women to dispute his possession, it becomes very complicated indeed. But Nardine set her cap for Chang Tsung-Chang just the same. The Marshal had made complimentary remarks about her beauty the day her father introduced her to him, and later Chang invited her to tea. It did not turn out to be like "the bitter tea of General Yen," who in the story of that name found out he could not teach an American girl to love him, so he committed suicide. Marshal Chang did not have any trouble at all winning over Nardine. She abandoned her family and friends and joined the Marshal's harem, which followed him up and down the country during his many campaigns, always guarded by two armored trains.

Fifty or more of the Marshal's Chinese and Russian wives began plotting against her, and all the 150 lifted their eyebrows and looked at her supercilliously and had catty things to say behind her back to Chang. The Marshal really needed a card index system to keep track of his wives so he could know which one he was fondest of on a given day, and Nardine saw her chance. She became the Marshal's secretary, not only his social secretary to help him keep tab on his wives, but also his business and military secretary.

Nardine knew how to write and speak excellent English, French and Spanish, as well as Chinese and Japanese, and it was not long before she took over from the Marshal the job of drafting all his official communications. One of her first acts was to announce herself, with Chang's permission, as the "Number One Wife" of the Marshal, and to dismiss thirty or forty wives who said mean things about her. This was all very well, but life soon became dull for Nardine.

She was a born Amazon and wanted to fight, and the fighting in the Chang household was so divided up, what with his hundred some-odd wives, that there was not enough excitement to go round. Nardine begged Chang to let her fight in his army, and after much wheedling he made her a captain. She distinguished herself under fire, and very soon rose to the rank of colonel, and took an important part in the campaign against the Chinese Nationalist Army of the South.

Last year Chang was shot to death by a young Chinese, who wanted revenge for the execution of his uncle five years ago. Nardine, who was with Chang at the time, was wounded but soon recovered.

Most of Chang Tsung-Chang's fortune of $100,000,000 was left to Nardine, with special bequests for sixteen of his "demi-wives." Nardine was too busy fighting to pay attention to the will, so all the other wives hired lawyers to try to break it. The result is that the entire estate is still tied up and nobody has got anything, the Treasury taking care of all the money pending a decision, or pending the time when some other bandit chieftain steals it all.

But Nardine has had her hands so full fighting the Japanese lately that she hasn't worried over the inheritance. She would rather fight than clip coupons, and she has made things very unpleasant for the Japs, who sometimes refer to the present unofficial scrapping as the Nardino-Japanese War.

Nardine, or Colonel Juan, as the Chinese call her, laughs at the Japanese offer of a $2,500 reward for her, and wants to know how they expect to buy a $100,000,000 widow that cheap. Lately she has repeated her order to her soldiers that they shall give no quarter to the Japanese, and has added to that an order that death shall be the penalty for any Chinaman in her command who is caught sparing the life of a Jap. It is said that she personally has killed more Japanese soldiers than her husband had wives.

The Bride Was His Wife In Name Only

THE pretty, tall, dark lady client went to the eminent lawyer because she was being sued for (allegedly) running around with another lady's husband.

The eminent lawyer won the case for her, but he lost his wife, who named the pretty lady client as co-respondent.

And then the eminent lawyer married the lady client and lavished millions on her, so he claims, trying to persuade her to be more than a wife in name only. But in the end he had to sue his lady-client-wife for divorce, naming as co-respondent another lawyer she went to.

It was just ring-around-a-rosy with the lawyers in the life of Muriel (the pretty client) and George Bourgeois, wealthy Atlantic City attorney who was president of the New Jersey Bar Association and counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

And now Muriel, though divorced and everything, has to get herself still another lawyer, because she is being sued again for (allegedly) running around with another lady's husband.

It was all quite distressing, the long and unsatisfactory married life of poor Mr. Bourgeois, who is sixty-seven or more and has had a lot to contend with from his ladyloves. His first wife died in 1902. His second wife, Blanche Bourgeois, lived with him twenty years, but oh—such years they were, according to the testimony at the divorce trial. She it was who sued him for divorce and named the pretty lady client, Muriel Laciar. The judge did not give her a divorce on that count, but gave it to Mr. Bourgeois, declaring:

"Mrs. Bourgeois is . . . an insanely jealous woman. She displayed an irascible temper. She broke up the furniture." So Declared the Judge in Giving Mr. Bourgeois a Divorce.

"The testimony produces an impression that Mrs. Bourgeois is what is commonly called an insanely jealous woman. She displayed an irascible temper. She broke up the furniture. She has expressed her jealousy of all, or practically all, of the women office associates whom her husband has had during the practice of law following their wedding twenty years ago.

"She endeavored to commit suicide twice by her own confession, which shows a morbid condition of mind. It is an established fact that Mr. Bourgeois' love for his wife has been wholly dissipated and that the fault lies principally if not wholly with her. The relations of Mr. Bourgeois and Mrs. Muriel Laciar present a case where suspicion is generated but which may be wholly innocent."

So Mr. Bourgeois got a divorce and breathed, no doubt, a vast sigh of relief and married Muriel. And then he sighed a lot more, but relief had nothing to do with it.

On their very wedding night the needles and pins, needles and pins, started in their dirty work of making Mr. Bourgeois' troubles begin all over again. For his bride did not go home with him. She went to a hotel. Mr. Bourgeois did not think she would treat him, the best lawyer she ever had, that way.

But she did. As a matter of fact, she never did go home with him, during their four years of so-called married life, though he feathered one $100,000 nest after another for her. And then he just had to sue her for divorce, and told the judge he believed she only married him in the first place to keep him from collecting the huge sums of money he had lent her.

Mr. Bourgeois speaking, telling his troubles to the judge: "Although I begged my wife to come and live with me, she repeatedly refused. I invited her to come to my home, which has eighteen rooms and is valued at more than $100,000, but she said it was not good enough to start our married life in. I then rented and furnished another house at Surrey Avenue and the Boardwalk, but she did not think that was the right kind of house for us. In an effort to please my wife I bought and furnished still another house. This was a fine house with fourteen rooms and cost $150,000 to build and furnish.

"She did not care much for this place, either, so I bought and remodeled the 'Log Cabin' at Eleventh Avenue and the Beach in Longport at a cost of $65,000. She never went into the house.

"During the time we never lived together. She did visit here at the Austin Avenue house for a week in both May and October of 1930. She slept behind locked doors."

But that wasn't the half of his generosity, Mr. Bourgeois told the judge. He settled on her "The Cliffs," a million-dollar estate at Worcester, Massachusetts, he declared, gave her jewelry worth $14,000, $52,000 in cash and $10,000 for an imported automobile.

When Mrs. Bourgeois filed a cross-petition demanding alimony, the referee who heard the testimony said "no" in no uncertain tones. He declared:

"The extraordinary efforts made by the petitioner during the four years of married life to have his wife live with him as his wife were of no avail. This hope which he had cherished all these years was never realized. She led him on with promises she never intended to keep until finally everything that he possessed was gone. Not only that, but she had caused him to go into debt thousands of dollars. It is almost inconceivable that any man could have been so completely fascinated and fooled as he was.

"He wrecked his future happiness on a woman unworthy of the care and protection he had given her. I advise that the answer and cross-bill of the defendant be dismissed and that the petitioner is entitled to a decree on the ground of desertion as asked for in his first cause of action. I am forced to this conclusion based upon the facts presented."

There had been many suits and counter-suits before Mr. Bourgeois finally got his divorce. In one of them he named as co-respondent his wife's lawyer in Worcester, Jay Clark, intimating that she had gone to him as a pretty, tall, dark lady client in distress, just as she had come to him once, and that she had struck up something more than a legal acquaintanceship with Clark.

Then there was another co-respondent named in passing by Mr. Bourgeois, not a lawyer this time, but a gentleman in a more refreshing and invigorating line of business—Mr. Paul B. Wright, owner of bath-houses at Atlantic City and in New York.

Mr. Bourgeois did not get his divorce on these grounds, but Mr. Wright's wife seems to have taken the charges pretty seriously. For the other day she filed suit against Mrs. Muriel Bourgeois for $100,000 damages for alienation of her bath-house-owning husband's affections.

So Muriel, it seems, will just have to go to another lawyer and tell him she is in distress and ask him please to get her out of it.

Saved Enemy's Life In Order To Kill Him

ANOTHER extraordinary tale of the notorious French Foreign Legion has stirred the imagination of France.

Rene Pascal, corporal in one division of the Legion, during a battle in the African desert with Riff tribesmen, saw with his field glasses one of the soldiers lying in a sand-pit. He crept forward to the wounded man—and came face to face with his own worst enemy, the man who had betrayed the girl he loved and whom he had sworn to kill on sight. With one hesitating glance, Pascal knelt at his side, gave him his water bottle to relieve the terrible thirst of the wounded soldier, and then at the risk of his life carried him to safety. And, when the rescued man recovered from his wounds a few months later, Pascal challenged him to a duel, shot him dead, and was himself condemned by the courtmartial to be shot by a firing squad.

The other man was Albert Morant, an old acquaintance of Pascal's in London, where both had worked for the branch of a Paris bank. By coincidence they had come together in the French Foreign Legion, that "Legion of the Damned" which has on its rolls so many men with shady pasts and wrecked lives.

Pascal, six years ago, had fallen in love with a pretty manicurist in a London barber shop. They became engaged, and it was understood that they were to marry as soon as Pascal, who comes of a respected Paris family, had served his term of military service which every Frenchman must go through. Very soon after he had gone back to France to join his regiment, Pascal felt a change in the tone of the girl's letters, and one day he learned from a friend in the bank that the girl had jilted him in favor of Albert Morant, who was, in fact, living openly with Morant. Later came the news that the girl had been cast off by Morant and had drifted into a life of shame in London's West End.

As soon as his military service was over, Pascal went back to London to look for the girl in the hope of saving her, regardless of what she had done, by offering to marry her. He found her, but she refused to let him sacrifice the name of his family by joining his life to hers.

Some months later the girl was found dead from an overdose of drugs in a Paris flat, and Pascal gave her a decent burial. Then he gave up his family and his career in the bank and joined the Foreign Legion, as so many other men have done in the hope of finding a way to forget.

Wholly unknown to him, Morant had gone the same way as the result of a scandal which had caused him to depart hurriedly from London. Until the day Pascal risked his life in the face of Riff bullets in the desert to save a fellow Legionary, the two men had not seen or heard of one another in Africa.

Morant was lying helpless in a sand-pit, and a hail of lead was coming from the rifles of hidden tribesmen, but this did not stop Pascal. Unless somebody saved him the man was certain to die, if not from his own wounds or thirst, then sooner or later from the knives of Riffs who search the battlefields for wounded Legionaries to put to torture. Pascal crawled over to the wounded man, saw at once who he was, but lifted him on his back and staggered with him back to the French lines.

When Morant had recovered and had been discharged from the hospital, six months later, he went to Pascal and offered his hand to thank Pascal for saving his life. Pascal dashed away the hand and struck Morant in the face. A duel was arranged with pistols at twenty paces. A few seconds before the signal came to fire, it is said, Pascal could wait no longer but shot his enemy dead, Morant falling before he could fire his weapon.

Duelling is forbidden in the Legion and Pascal was courtmartialed for murder, found guilty and condemned to death. In view of the wrong he had suffered from Morant, and of his bravery in first saving his enemy's life, Legion officers recommended mercy at the hands of the high command. The decision has just been given in Paris, commuting Pascal's sentence to ten years' penal servitude. And petitions are being circulated in Paris, now that the full story has become known, asking that Pascal be spared the Devil's Island term also, and be given a complete pardon.

Saviour's Coat To Be Exhibited

FOR the sixth time in 400 years, one of the most valuable religious relics in the world—the Holy Coat of Christ—is to be put on exhibition soon at Trier Cathedral in Germany, and millions of pilgrims from all countries are expected to go there to see it.

Forty-two years ago, the last time the garment was shown, nearly 2,000,000 people visited Trier and prayed before the relic. At that time, as on previous occasions when the coat was exhibited, many invalids among the pilgrims were suddenly healed at sight of it, and cures were vouched for by German doctors after they had made investigation.

The showing of the coat is an historical event, for since the year 1517 the public has been permitted to see it only five times. The relic has been guarded with the utmost care at Trier Cathedral since the year 330 A.D. It is regarded by many authorities as the authentic "seamless robe" which Jesus wore at the crucifixion, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots, as told in St. John xix, 23-24:

"Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

"They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be; that the

Millions of People Go to the Cathedral to See the Sacred Coat, and Many Invalids Are Said to Be Healed at Sight of It.

scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did."

The sacred relic at Trier is in fact seamless, and is of plain brownish colored fabric, apparently linen or cotton. It is covered on both sides by protecting veils. The tradition at Trier, backed by ancient documents dating back to the fifth or sixth century, is that the sacred coat was sent to the cathedral with other relics by the Empress St. Helena. The authenticity of these documents cannot be proved, and Catholic historians make no claim for the genuineness of the coat, other than to point out that the evidence indicates it is probable, if not certain, that it was actually the robe of the Saviour.

An ivory tablet in the cathedral treasury at Trier, which dates from the fifth or sixth century, tells of the relics sent to the church by St. Helena. These relics are also mentioned in a document concerning St. Helena written in 880 A.D. by Almannus, and again in the "Gesta Trevirorum," written in 1105, and in a life of St. Agritius, Bishop of Trier, dating from 1072.

There is thus no doubt of the great age of the seamless coat, and of the fact that it has been carefully preserved in Germany for 1,600 years. On the other hand the critics of the relic have no arguments but their own opinions, as there is no way of proving it is not actually the robe of Jesus.

The relic seems to have remained, unseen and untouched, in the altar of the Cathedral for hundreds of years, for there is no record of its having been exhibited until 1512, when it was taken out for display at the request of the Emperor Maximilian I. It was shown several times during that century, and then not again until 1655, after the close of the Thirty Years War. When the French invaded Germany in 1794, the coat was removed from Trier and hidden at other places, and was not returned to the cathedral until 1810, when it was exhibited again. There have been only two showings since, in 1844 and 1891, and on both these occasions nearly 2,000,000 people journeyed to Trier to see the relic. Pope Leo XIII gave his encouragement to the latter showing, and granted an indulgence to the pilgrims.

There were many remarkable cures at the exhibition in 1844 and there was also a bitter controversy over the genuineness of the article. Two university professors, J. Gildemeister and H. von Sybel, attacked it on scientific grounds, and there was also much argument about it among the clergy.

At the last showing, from August 20, to October 4, 1891, a careful check was made of the pilgrims who came to Trier from all parts of the world, and it was found that they numbered 1,925,130. Methods of transportation have greatly improved since then, and traveling is much less expensive, so it is expected that a great number will journey to Trier for the exhibition this year.

The public showing of the Holy Coat will open on July 23 and continue until September 3. During these six weeks, Trier, a small city of 57,000 inhabitants, will have to take care of more people than have ever assembled anywhere for any other kind of convention. Pilgrims from Ireland, England, America and all other countries will make the journey, and the German railways have already arranged special trains and tours. Hotel keepers and the townspeople of Trier are making arrangements to lodge and feed the enormous crowds.

Trier is an ancient city that was founded by the Romans as a military outpost, and its points of interest include a Roman amphitheatre and other ruins. In one of its libraries is a copy of the Gospels presented by a sister of Charlemagne. Trier is near the Luxembourg border, 67 miles from Coblenz, and was one of the German cities occupied by American soldiers after the armistice, the last of whom left the city in 1923.

St. Helena, who is reputed to have given the Holy Coat of Jesus to the Trier Cathedral, was the wife of the Emperor Constantius Chlorus and the mother of Constantine the Great. When she was quite old she visited Palestine in search of sacred relics, and is believed then to have come in possession of the "seamless robe."

There is another holy coat at a church in Argenteuil, in France, woven of fine wool and reddish brown in color, which is also claimed to have been a garment worn by Jesus. It is not as celebrated, however, as the Holy Coat of Trier.

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An Artist Who Does Not Have to Hire His Models

M. Chimot, Distinguished Etcher of Modern Feminine Life in Paris, Finds At His Studio Every Day a Waiting List of the Most Beautiful Women of High Life and Low Life of the Gay French Capital, Begging the Honor of Posing for Him

In Front of the Bar in the Early Morning Hours.

Waiting for Someone to Come Along With a Few Francs in His Pocket.

"Belle De Nuit"—a Woman of the Cabaret Night Life.

The Opium Dreamer.

A Spanish Cabaret Dancer.

A Siren of the *Boulevards*.

PARIS, June 15.

M. EDOUARD CHIMOT, Paris' foremost etcher of feminine charms, unlike other artists, spends no money hiring professional models, for he has the pick of the capital's prettiest women free of charge. And, wonderful to relate, they would sooner break an appointment with their coiffeur or with a rich admirer than miss an opportunity to pose for him.

Society darlings, dancers, drug addicts, princesses and pavement nymphs contest daily for the privilege of appearing draped or undraped in his presence. They flock to his studio as the singers of the Opera once flocked to the studio of Raoux, during the regency, or as countesses and courtesans besieged Largilliere's atelier in the reign of Louis XIV.

His popularity is not due to a mere passing fad, but to the marvelous skill with which he depicts woman's various moods—amorous, mocking, sentimental, ardent, pensive, voluptuous, passionate—and to the fact that he never satirizes or caricatures his models, as is the custom of Charles Laborde and Dignimont, two of his celebrated rivals in the field of book illustration.

His art, characterized by a soft elegance, rare facility, lightness of touch and a flattering manner of interpretation, succeeds in shedding over the most ordinary face an expression of grace. Yet this art, though facile, is by no means superficial. His portraits of women are not just pretty dolls with painted cheeks, for he observes the effect of human passions on the physiognomy, penetrates beneath the surface, and gives glimpses of a soul within their elegant exteriors.

Cupidity, love of pleasure, cruelty, indolence are plainly seen in the heads of his courtesans, whose beauty is a sort of transfiguration of sin. One is fascinated by the ironical smiles of their red lips, the mocking glances of their humid eyes, and recalls Balzac's words: "La femme est un etre dangereux." (Woman is a dangerous creature.)

Emotions, memories, wishes, scandals visibly speak in the features of his models, in their blushes, in their pallors. He sees in their faces histories as piquant as Crebillon's tales, emotions as tender as Petrarch's sonnets, caprices as full of adventure as Le Sage's picaresque romances, treachery as poetic as Dante's "Inferno."

Because he is constantly surrounded by a bevy of beauties, M. Chimot has been called the "Don Juan of Delineators," and, strange as it may seem, some of these beauties, belonging to the best society, feel flattered at being represented as ladies of the pavement in his drawings. The cynical boulevardier explains this fact by quoting the poet who said that "every woman is at heart a rake," that "virtue is only a pretence"—the pretence of fair dissemblers who wish to place a higher value on their favors.

Fortune rarely supplies Parisian artists with any extraordinary wealth or means of enjoying the luxuries with which the city abounds. Generally, they live in a garret on hope and hard bread, dress in hand-me-downs, beg or brawl in the cafes, hawk their tableaux about the streets, and are happy to find some humpbacked beggarwoman, for a few sous, to pose as Venus.

M. Chimot, however, does not belong to this Bohemian class. In the past decade he has made 17 million francs (about $660,000) by the sale of his etchings, and has the distinction of being both rich and famous in his lifetime. A few months ago King Carol of Rumania paid a high price for a copy of Verlaine's poems illustrated by Chimot, while the Marquis de Castelbajac, a nobleman from Bearn, promised the etcher 55,000 francs ($2,145) the other day if he would make designs for "La Belle Carolina," a Spanish novel by Talon.

The illustrator's home, on the Boulevard Berthier, is lavishly adorned with marble statues, jades, ivories, Chinese lacquer work, Spanish paintings on glass, Persian rugs, furniture of the Second Empire inlaid with mother-of pearl and curios galore from Morocco, Egypt and the Levant. Here, in this palace and museum combined, M. Chimot reproduces the endless graces of his models, writes poetry, plays the guitar, sips perfumed wine, sups like Lucullus, and, after dinner, puts on a purple mantle and puffs away at a Turkish pipe. During vacation days he makes trips, in his own comfortable car, across North Africa—land of flame and color—where bejewelled dancing-girls, whirling to the sound of tambourines, tempt his pencil.

Recently, on being engaged by a publisher to engrave plates for Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite," Chimot chose Colette Andris, the danseuse, to pose for him as Chrysis. Colette, who startled tourists last June by displaying herself in entire nudity on top of the Eiffel Tower for the Atlas Film Co., made no objections. Indeed, she was perfectly delighted to be drawn as a pagan.

The comedienne Spinelly, now playing in "L'Amour a l'Americaine" at the Cluny Theatre, has often been sketched by Chimot. She was so charmed with the designs he made of her that she put her Rueil chateau at his disposal one summer, while she and Pierre Benoit, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, went with a mountain-climbing party to the Pyrenees.

The Russian Princess Galitzine, protegee of Cecile Sorel, served as the artist's model when he was illustrating Maurice Magre's book—"Les Soirs d'Opium." Two years ago she was found unconscious in an opium den of the Chapeau Rouge district at Toulon, with a dead man beside her. The Princess has now disappeared, much to the sorrow of Cecile—now Countess de Segur, who was her intimate friend, and obtained for her the position of "extra" at the Comedie Francaise. In fact, Cecile watched over her like a duenna. On one occasion, when the Princess was paying her a week-end visit, the Countess locked her up in a cupboard to protect her from the attentions of the late Victor Berard, senator, who had fallen madly in love with the Russian beauty.

Among Chimot's most attractive models is a blond movie actress named Suzanne, formerly a friend of M. Bokanowsky, the French Minister who was killed in an aviation accident four years ago. The statesman was jealous as the Moor of Venice, and whenever his fair friend posed at the Boulevard Berthier studio he would bother the illustrator by telephoning all day long, or by hanging around at the studio door in disguise.

If Bokanowsky was jealous, this was not the case with M. Dupont, Parisian captain of industry, who begged that the etcher would make a picture of his Holland wife, daughter of the curator of Amsterdam's art museum. M. Dupont wished her drawn in the nude, but the modest woman refused to reveal her rounded contours "au naturel," and wore a chemise during the poses, to the great amusement of the artist.

The vedette Parisya, starring at present in "Youki" at the Atheneo Theatre, was not so bashful as the Amsterdam dame and appeared before Chimot in all her naked loveliness. To show her appreciation of the likeness he made of her, she sang for him the naughty verses of "Les Fraises et les Framboises," and told him many secrets of her life in the music halls. One, which should interest second-story artists, is the revelation that she always leaves her most precious jewels at home in a knotted handkerchief when she goes out for the evening.

The Countess de Gheest, daughter of Princess Violette Murat, is glad to show her birthmarks at the etcher's studio, but her mother takes the precaution of sending along an old Marquise as a chaperone, who never fails to fall asleep when the young noblewoman disrobes.

Whenever the artist wants to sketch a pair of shapely legs he calls on Mistinguett, whose real name is Jeanne Bourgeois, and who happens to be a Belgian by birth and not a Parisian, as many think. Her son, "Popol," carried on a famous love affair some time ago with Suzy, one of Chimot's favorite models.

Three graces frequently found in his studio are Gaby Morlay, the star of Bernstein's "Melo," who was brought up in Madagascar and blames her choleric temper on the fevers she contracted there; Edith Mera, Hungarian-born actress, noted for her eyes, "the color of absinthe," and her roles with Sacha Guitry and Dranem; and Mlle. Mariallis of the Casino de Paris, whose cutaneous splendor gained her the nickname of "Angel Skin."

The Rowe Sisters, English music-hall dancers, are regular callers at Chimot's residence. He knew them years ago when they were still unknown to fame, and it was largely owing to an engraving he made of them that the girls started on the road to footlight glory. They often leave their wealthy admirers to pose in the altogether for Chimot, and to dine and dance with him at his studio in the same disquieting costume.

Other stage celebrities sometimes seen at his atelier are Mlle. Diana, who was arrested for too generous exposure of her charms while acting for a film in the woods of Versailles; Marie Dubas, Casino de Paris chanteuse, who achieved success last season with the "Scarlet Woman's Prayer," and Scytha, the "Greek statue," who quit the "rampe" to marry a prince.

Of all the women passing in review before Chimot, none was lovelier, in his opinion, than Paulette. She had no high-sounding title to her name, but her beauty was worthy of altars. Unfortunately, she fell a victim to the cocaine habit, which robbed her of good looks and wrecked her health. Paulette had a boy friend who had promised to wed her, yet he broke the engagement when she became a drug addict, and the girl, heartbroken, tried to end her life by shutting herself in her room and turning on the gas. Her suicide attempt proved unsuccessful, but although she did not die, Paulette lost her reason and was confined to a lunatic asylum, where her fiance, filled with remorse, now pays her a visit each week.

While M. Chimot excels in embodying in a drawing the fine, nervous charms—and the often perverted elegance—of his lovely contemporaries, enveloping them in an atmosphere of melancholy, morbidness or merriment, he frankly admits his failure in portraying the Parisienne. He once told the critic, M. de Pawlowsky:

"When I was a young man I began studying this protean creature, who, according to the poet, came into the world with all possible failings. Yet I must confess that I know as little about her now as I did then. She has a thousand faces and puts to confusion those keenest eyes among them, or at all events, who wish to guess which is the true one."

In the etcher's opinion, the Parisienne is a born model. He says:

"If she has a beautiful hand the most acute and skeptical observer would believe that it was absolutely necessary for her to raise it to adjust her hair. If she has a fine profile, it would appear as if she was merely turning to give effect to what she is saying to the man at her side; whilst she is placing herself in such an attitude as to produce that magical effect of which the greatest painters are so fond—throwing the light upon the cheek, defining the clear outline of the nose, leaving the eye its rich, full and concentrated expression and bringing out the elegant contour of the chin. If she has a pretty foot she will throw herself upon a divan with the coquettishness of a kitten in the sun—the feet in advance, without suffering any thing to be seen in the attitude except the most delicious model presented by lassitude to the statuary."

Edouard Chimot—faithful interpreter of feminine face and figure—was born at Lille, being distantly related on his mother's side to the painter, Abel de Pujol, many of whose works are in the Louvre. As the boy early showed a pronounced aptitude for drawing, he was sent to the local art school, astonishing his professor, Pharaon de Winter, by his ability. At the age of 17 he took a short course of study at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs, at Nice, going from there to Italy and Germany, where he busied himself copying the old masters in the galleries and sketching young maidens in the countryside.

In 1903 he came to Paris and obtained a position as an illustrator on the newspaper "Madame et Monsieur." While working here he conceived the idea of becoming an etcher, and started at once on the career that has brought him wealth and recognition. On his arrival in the capital the artist had fallen in love with a girl named Odette de Salignac. The couple had planned to get married, but later, when Chimot began engraving, he threw himself so wholeheartedly into his work that he neglected Odette. She finally left him, saying: "You think more of your art than of me. Adieu!"

At the Brunner Gallery, in 1912, Chimot exhibited his etchings for the first time, and was surprised and delighted to sell all of them. The following year he scored another success with his designs for "Montmartre Afternoons," a realistic book by Rene Baudu. Then came the war, in which Chimot served as a lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of Zouaves, using his spare moments in the trenches sketching his companions. These drawings are now permanently on exhibit in Paris at the Army Museum.

Since 1919 Chimot has won renown and riches by illustrating the suggestive masterpieces of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Louys, Barbusse, Magre and Jean de Tinan. Critics compare his creations to those of Felicien Rops and Aubrey Beardsley, while the women of high and low degree who posed for these pictures marvel at their psychological insight. He seems to have descended to the very depths of their souls and portrayed what he found there.

Many people consider his best work to be the etchings for Pierre Louys' "La Femme et le Pantin" (The Woman and the Puppet). Before illustrating this story, which is laid in Spain, Chimot made a voyage beyond the Pyrenees, visited Barcelona, Madrid, Seville, Granada and Cadiz, and then, after four months' intensive study, returned to Paris with his portfolio full of sketches, which he elaborated, engraved and colored for the tragic tale. The wild beauty of the country, the fire of its passions, the melancholy of its memories, the disturbing grace of its daughters—all are wonderfully mirrored in these plates.

Two months ago, in Spain, the artist bought a crumbling castle on the shores of the Mediterranean, between Valencia and Alicante. The ruin once served as a stronghold against the raids of the Barbary pirates, and M. Chimot says that he intends to fly to it as a place of refuge whenever he gets weary of being besieged by beautiful models at his Paris studio.

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Are You More Nervous Than You Ought to Be?

A List of Carefully Devised Questions Which Will Reveal Whether Your Nerves Explode Too Easily--- Or Whether You Are a Normal, Well-Balanced Person

Answer "Yes" or "No" to These Questions

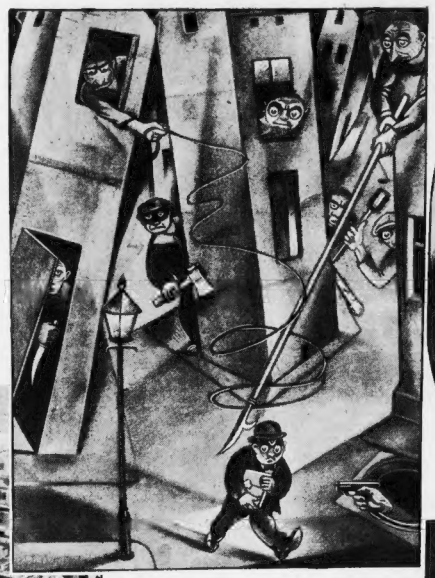
	Yes	No
1—Do you laugh easily?	....	....
2—Are you easily moved to tears?	....	....
3—Do you lose your temper quickly?	....	....
4—Do you let yourself go when angry?	....	....
5—Can you sit still without fidgeting?	....	....
6—Does it upset you to lose in a competitive game?	....	....
7—Did you ever have a strong desire to commit suicide?	....	....
8—Do you mind having your friends see you in the ten-cent store?	....	....
9—Does your heart sometimes sound in your ears so that you cannot sleep?	....	....
10—Are you ever bothered by the feeling that people are reading your thoughts?	....	....
11—At night are you frequently troubled by the idea that somebody is following you?	....	....
12—Do you often find that you cannot make up your mind until the time for action has passed?	....	....
13—Have you ever seen a vision?	....	....
14—Are your feelings easily hurt?	....	....
15—Do you frequently feel grouchy?	....	....
16—Are you touchy on various subjects?	....	....
17—Do you lose your head easily in a dangerous situation?	....	....
18—Are you afraid of falling when you are on a high place?	....	....
19—Do you have the habit of leaving a lot of tasks unfinished?	....	....
20—Are you interested in meeting a lot of different kinds of people?	....	....
21—Do you often say things on the spur of the moment and then regret them?	....	....
22—Would you say that you are cynical about members of the opposite sex generally?	....	....
23—Have you occasionally had to resist an impulse to take things that were not yours?	....	....
24—If you come late to a meeting would you rather stand or leave than take a front seat?	....	....

Your score of correct answers to these questions indicates whether you are well-balanced or "touchy," "high-strung" and "on edge," as the accompanying article explains.

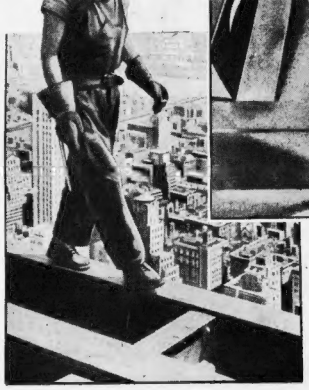
IF the reader of this article, or his wife, is "touchy," "high strung," is "on edge," or "nervous and excitable," there is a reason. Of course, everything an individual sees, does or thinks is a matter of nerve action, and it is Nature's scheme that everybody, "touchy" or not, pulls away instantly the hand or finger that encounters a red-hot stove. This is an automatic nervous reflex, but does not mean that the person is "neurotic."

But some human beings who burn their fingers leap madly into the air, shout out their pain and surprise, have a lot to say against people who permit hot stoves to exist, and against almost everything except themselves for being careless enough to touch one. People with less explosive nerves act differently. They jerk away the burned finger but there are no sudden leaps, loud cries and other extravagant actions. The nervous reaction works perfectly and gets the burned finger out of danger just as Nature intended. This, indeed, often happens even faster than it does with the explosive individuals, but no general nervous explosion follows the shock and pain.

Sometimes the easily explosive people are called neurotics, and it is true enough that easy explosion of the nervous system is one common sign of the mild nervous and mental disorders called neuroses. But these mental conditions include a lot of other characteristics beside this explosiveness. People may have explosive nerves and still not be neurotic, as the word is defined by the physicians and mental experts. Yet all people who do blow up too easily need to guard themselves against letting this characteristic go too far. It is important to find out that they have it. That is one reason for the questions printed on this page and which are taken from a much longer list devised by two American psychologists, Professor L. L. Thurstone and Mrs. Thelma Thurstone, of the University of Chicago.



A Person Who Imagines He Is Being Followed at Night, or That Desperadoes Somehow Know Valuables in His Pocket or Satchel, Is Not Well-Balanced.



Circus Performers and Structural Steel Workers or Skyscrapers Must Have Very Steady Nerves to Perform Their Tasks.

Recently Miss Hattie Nesbit Smith of Salt Lake City applied the complete Thurstone list of questions to testing neurotic tendencies in people suspected of definite mental diseases such as mania and dementia precox. Some of the questions, including those reproduced on this page, may be applied equally well to locating people whose nervous systems are more explosive than the average, even if not yet so in dangerous degree. Any American family can take these questions and decide for themselves whether sister's or brother's nerves really are too excitable or whether grandfather's irritability is really greater or less than would be expected of average elderly individuals.

No one knows just what happens in the nervous system to make people more explosive or less so. Probably it has something to do with the speed and accuracy with which different sets of connections are set up and taken down between the twelve or fifteen billion living cells in the nervous system, like the connections set up and taken down continually in a telephone central.

When the normal person burns his finger, the first thing that happens is that a lot of the tiny nerve endings in the skin, having been damaged by the heat, set up a nerve impulse which flashes rapidly up the arm and shoulder toward the brain. This is what is recognized as pain. Before it gets to the brain, however, some of the nerve cells in the spinal cord usually perceive its passage, recognize it for a danger signal and issue, on their own responsibility, a set of nerve orders which to the muscles of the arm and hand and order these to jerk the finger away rapidly, before it suffers further damage. That is what scientists call a reflex. Normally it works rapidly and also accurately. Non-explosive people do not leap, for example, when they burn a finger. All that they do is to jerk the finger away.

The more explosive leapers and shouters suffer, it is probable, from undue excitement of the nerve cells that first receive the pain message from the finger. These cells act like telephone girls in a central who get excited when some one reports a fire and send for the minister, the doctor, the police, the Boy Scouts and the state militia all at the same time, instead of merely sending for the fire department. Leg muscles, which cannot possibly do anything to aid the burned finger, also are energized into action so that the body leaps. Throat muscles which are equally useless in fact are energized to produce a shout. All the time, the only really useful thing is the action of the arm muscles to save the finger that is being burned.

It is said that over-excitable people "lose their heads." What they really do is to lose control of their nervous systems, so that all kinds of actions and reactions happen or try to happen at the same time.

The way that answers to the questions test this is clear from examples such as the second question, "Are you easily moved to tears?" One thing that people sometimes do when greatly disturbed is to cry. Anthropologists have debated for years without reaching any agreement the question of why people cry at all. Perhaps crying was once a warning to other members of the tribe, indicating some danger which had attacked one member and might attack others. Perhaps it was a call for aid when the crying individual got into trouble. However this may be, crying and tears certainly are not needed unless the emergency really is serious. Even people of calm nerves may cry if the provocation is great enough, but only the too excitable ones cry easily. Once more, the nervous system gets too excited and calls out the tear reserves as well as all kinds of other forces of the bodily community.

Just so with the third question, about losing one's temper easily. If an honest answer to this question is "yes," the answerer has at least some elements of explosiveness in his nervous make-up. The answer to any one question, however, does not indicate a final decision. The whole list of questions must be answered and the average answer considered. If most of the answers do not indicate extreme explosiveness of the nerves, a minority of answers that do indicate this may be ignored. On the other hand, if nearly all of the answers indicate nervous excitability, that individual may be written down as more explosive nervously than is likely to be comfortable, either for the victim's own life or for the people he, or she, must live with.

At this point, the reader who is interested in testing himself should stop, take a pencil and mark his or her answer, yes or no, in the blanks provided after the questions. Highly nervous people will answer twenty-one of the twenty-four questions "yes." The remaining three of the questions these nervous people will answer "no." Completely non-explosive individuals will have three "yeses" among their answers and twenty-one "noes." The following paragraphs explain which answers should be "yes" and which should be "no" to indicate either explosiveness or non-explosiveness of the nervous system.

For the first question, about whether or not one laughs easily, the Thurstones set down as the neurotic or explosive answer "no," instead of the "yes" which a superficial thinker might expect. This is because laughter is a normal and natural function. Most well-balanced people do laugh easily. People who do not laugh easily usually suffer either from fear of seeming ridiculous, which is one of the surest signs of nervous irritability and unbalance, or from some excessive nervous reaction in some other direction and which prevents the laughter. Some highly explosive people, for example, get so worried or mad because of some minor slight or misfortune that they quit laughing altogether. These are the people called "sulky."

The Late Former President Taft Was Very Easily Moved to Hearty Laughter, and This Is Normal and an Indication of Well-Balanced Nerves.

Answers to the second and third questions already have been explained. In both cases the non-explosive, well-balanced individual will answer "no." Such people are not easily moved to tears and do not easily lose their tempers. Explosive people will answer "yes" to both questions. Question number 4 should agree with number 3. The fully explosive person lets himself go when he is mad, flies into rages, breaks the furniture, shouts and stamps and otherwise makes it evident that the same part of his mind has abdicated temporarily.

The fifth question, about whether or not one can sit still without fidgeting, is the second one which calls for a "yes" as answer if the answerer is non-explosive. Obviously, over-explosive people also are likely to be fidgetty ones. There is one other such "yes" answer in the list; question number 20.

People Who "Let Themselves Go," Scream, Tear Their Hair and Go Into Tantrums of Anger, Are of the "Explosive" Type of Neurotic.

Non - explosive people usually are interested in meeting a lot of people of different kinds. Over-explosive individuals, on the other hand, do not like meeting new kinds of people, probably because they unconsciously fear personal explosions which these new people may cause.

In a perfect score for non-explosiveness, therefore, questions 1, 5 and 20 should be answered "yes." All other questions should be answered "no."

Another group of the questions, including number 22, about thinking cynically of members of the opposite sex, are intended to disclose another common characteristic of over-explosive and ill-balanced people. This characteristic is suspicion. Such people tend always to believe the worst of everyone around them. Non-explosive people, on the other hand, usually tend to believe the best of everybody—sometimes, perhaps, too much so. Another question which also indicates suspicion is number 11, about the feeling that someone is following you invisibly on a dimly lighted street.

Probably these feelings of suspicion go back directly to the excess explosiveness of the nervous system. Suspicion aroused by real indications of danger is an entirely correct and normal attitude, precisely like the normal reflex of pulling out of danger a finger that has come in contact with a hot stove. What characterizes the undue suspicion indicated by a "yes" answer to question 22 is suspicion aroused when there is no just or sufficient ground for it, precisely as the frightened telephone girl sends for the ambulance or the militia when all she really needs is to call out the fire department, or, perhaps, when she ought to do nothing at all until she makes sure that there even is a fire.

Still another common mental characteristic of ill-balanced people is extreme pride and extreme dislike of humiliation. Once more, it is the extreme which is significant. Everybody has some pride, and everybody dislikes to be humiliated, but most people get over humiliating incidents or mild affronts to pride soon and easily. Few well-balanced people, for example, object to being seen in the ten-cent store, as is asked in question number 8. Few non-explosive people are so much afraid of attracting attention that they refuse to take front seats at a meeting as asked in question 24. To be unduly touchy about these things indicates the same lack of balance and extreme explosiveness which leads to anger, to weeping or to other symptoms that what psychologists call the response of the mental machinery is abnormally great in comparison with the stimulus which called it forth or with the true needs of the situation.

A few of the other questions ask about things which psychologists have learned by experience often are associated with nervous explosiveness. One of these is question number 7, about suicide. Only a few days ago Dr. William Muhlberg announced his conclusion that most men who commit suicide do so because of injuries to their pride. Again, the response, that is the suicide, is entirely out of correspondence with the stimulus. It is as though the telephone girl got so excited when someone reported a possible fire alarm that she not only called out the police and everybody else, but finished by setting the central on fire or blowing it up with dynamite.

Another example of an impulse which experience shows to be linked with ill-balanced nerves is the fear of heights asked about in question 18. Psychologists give extreme examples of this fear a definite name. They call it acrophobia, or fear of high places like the Greek Acropolis. Childhood experiences may have much to do with it. It often is curable by hypnotism or other mental treatment. Under proper control it does its victim little actual harm. It almost always is a symptom, however, of mental explosiveness.

No psychologist suggests, of course, that over-explosive people are useless or are destined for insanity or anything of that kind. It is well known, indeed, that many individuals with these explosive mental tendencies have been extremely able and valuable men and women. It is safe to say, however, that even the most useful of these individuals have been much more trouble to themselves and their families than they would have been with less delicate varieties of dynamite in their nervous systems. And since much can be done by any determined individual to curb, direct or change his own mental tendencies, knowledge of whether or not the reader himself is too explosive nervously may help that reader to direct his mental development in the path most satisfactory to himself.

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Tough Tests for Automobiles

The Severe Strains Devised by Factory Engineers to Find Out and Correct Weak Spots Which Make American Cars the Best in the World

Photographs of an Automobile Being Rolled Over and Over Down a Steep Embankment. This Is One of the Most Spectacular Tests Engineers Have Devised. In One Test the Car Made Six Complete Somersaults and Landed On Its Wheels, Its Frame Undamaged, and It Was Afterwards Driven Away Under Its Own Power.

This Is Known as the Transmission Test. The Car Is Nosed Flush Against Two Piles Driven Four Feet Into the Ground. With Transmission in Second Gear and Clutch Pedal Thrown Out, the Engine Is Raced to Top Speed. The Driver Then Suddenly Snaps Off the Foot Pedal, Allowing the Transmission to Engage. The Wheels Take Hold and Spin in the Gravel Until Tires Smoke, and the Heat of Friction Threatens to Ignite Them. If the Transmission Is Uninjured After Ten Minutes the Engineers Are Satisfied.

"Bath Tub" at Automobile Proving Grounds. The Car Is Splashed Through the Water to Find Out If It Will Still Run.

AMERICAN automobiles are not only the best cars in the world for the money they cost—they are also the toughest cars in the world. Before they leave the factory on the way to the buyer, skilled engineers have satisfied themselves that these cars will stand almost the worst possible punishment that the worst possible drivers are likely to give them.

Every now and then the papers print a story about a car that turned somersault three or four times, landed right side up, and the driver found he was not only uninjured but could drive his car out of the ditch under its own power. Such escapes are called "miraculous," but there is no miracle about them. The reason is that cars are built nowadays to stand just that sort of terrific strain.

At the factory "proving grounds," specimen cars are deliberately rolled down steep hills, as shown in the picture at the top of this page, in order that engineers can check up afterwards and see what was weak in the car's construction and what could be done to improve it. A car is supposed to stay on its four wheels, and not to go tumbling around head over heels in this fashion, but the manufacturer wants to turn out a car that will do more than might be expected of it, that will protect its occupants' lives if any such accident does occur.

In the test pictured above, the car was taken to the top of a 300-foot embankment, a steep hill with a grade of sixty-one per cent. The engineers who built it had told their higher-ups that the car was so stoutly built it could tumble pell-mell down that mountain, and still its body and top would hold firm and not collapse. Not only that, they said, but the doors would still be undamaged so they would open and close easily after the tumbling test—an important point in a wreck, for a motorist must get out of his car immediately in case it catches on fire.

The test car was lifted up on one side and pushed over the edge of the steep hill. It teetered for a moment and then began its wild descent. It rolled and bounced, increasing its speed with each somersault. First one side and then the other hit the earth a resounding wallop. Four, five and six times it turned over, bumping and hurtling down, leaping into the air and crashing back. Finally it landed at the bottom, squarely on its wheels.

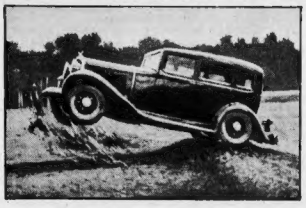
The engineers rushed to examine the car. They found that except for dented fenders, twisted running board and a cracked glass where a stone had hit it, the car was little damaged. Top and sides had held firmly, and not a hinge on the doors was sprung, so that they opened and closed perfectly. To top the performance, a mechanic slid into the driver's seat of the car and drove it off without so much as looking at the engine.

Spectacular tests of this sort, and the others pictured on this page, are not publicity stunts. They are not open to the public. They are scientific tests, witnessed only by busy engineers with stop watches and specification sheets in hand, intent on making the American automobile more and more foolproof.

In the large central picture on this page, two perfectly good automobiles are being wrecked to show what would happen, mechanically, if two careless drivers met each other going in opposite directions at sixty miles an hour. The test did not show what would happen to the drivers, for there were no drivers in these cars. They were smashed together in head-on collision to prove how tough the cars were. In this test the engineers placed the cars in wooden tracks. Plangers kept the wheels from turning aside. The drivers started their cars, raced their engines and then, at a signal, jumped out as the machines gathered speed. The cars shot down the wooden tracks, speeding up to forty, fifty, then sixty miles an hour. Then they crashed with the same force one of them would have had if it had been dropped from the roof of a fifteen-story building to a concrete pavement.

There was still a lot of car left on both sides of the argument. Motors were damaged and radiators ruined, but engineers, by poking among the wreckage, found just where they could make the body construction stronger.

The Head-On Collision Test. Two Cars Were Started at Opposite Ends of a Runway, Which Was 1,000 Feet Long. At a Given Signal, Drivers Put the Cars in Gear, Opened the Throttles Wide and Leaped Out, Shutting the Doors As They Went. The Cars Zoomed Down the Runway and Came Together at a Combined Speed Estimated to Be More Than 100 Miles an Hour.



A Test of Driving in Loose Gravel, Traveling at 60 Miles an Hour. In Such Tests It Oftentimes Is Ordered That the Car Be Spun Around So That It Completely Turns in a Space Little Greater Than Its Wheelbase. The Purpose of This Test Is to Know the Car's Stability and Safety and Center of Gravity.

A New Model Car Being Driven Over the Edge of a Sand Bank to See Whether the Forward Wheels Would Bury Themselves or the Hind Wheels Would Still Have Sufficient Grip to Plough the Machine Through the Soft Sand.

They were specially pleased to note that all doors in both cars could be opened and closed after this shock. If there had been backseat drivers in these cars they could have gotten out with all possible haste, even while they were shouting, "I told you so—I told you you were going too fast!"

All the proving ground tests, of course, cannot be as dramatic as this one and that of the car somersaulting down the hill. But there are others just as trying on the long-suffering car.

In another of the pictures above, the car that played the Jack-and-Jill engagement is showing how hard it is to tear the insides out of it. This is called the transmission test, because it puts the transmission up against the problem of what happens when an irresistible force hits an immovable obstacle. The obstacle in this case is furnished by two stout piles driven four feet in the ground. With transmission in second gear and the clutch pedal thrown out, the driver races the engine to top speed. Then he suddenly snaps off the foot pedal, allowing the transmission to engage with a grinding roar. An ordinary transmission would be simply torn to pieces by this treatment, but this is an extraordinary one. It does its stuff grimly, the wheels take hold and spin in the gravel until the tires smoke. The car cannot budge, but the transmission carries on in spite of the terrific strain. If it is still working after ten minutes of this sort of treatment, the engineers are satisfied.

The "Grid Test," Devised by Engineers to Learn How Much a Car Can Stand of Rough Road Driving. There Were Times During the Test When Front and Rear Wheels Were Five and Six Feet Off the Ground. The Car Jumped High Only to Fall Back With Terrific Impact, Wheels Spinning, but Nothing Damaged.

After this comes an ordeal by water. The car must dash through the "bathtub" of the proving grounds, to prove that it can ford streams and weather a heavy downpour of rain without getting its insides wet and putting brakes, carburetor or ignition out of whack. Cars are not supposed to be motorboats, but many people use them as such, so the engineers do their best to turn out amphibian automobiles.

Ab Jenkins, noted racing driver, in another picture shows how to drive a car in loose gravel at sixty miles an hour, spinning it completely around in a space little greater than its own wheelbase. Ab can do this, but everybody can't, so it is just as well not to imitate him. From this test the engineers can figure the car's stability and safety and center of gravitation.

Many a driver, racing along on a paved road at fifty or sixty miles an hour, has swerved around a curve to find that there has been a landslide or a washout, causing the road to be covered with loose gravel. Or there may be a break in the pavement, or the pavement may end without warning. Under such conditions the driver's first thought is to clap on the brakes and slow down, and this is one of the severest tests of the car's ability to stay upright on its four wheels and to keep going in the direction the man at the steering wheel wants it to go. It is not just luck or a "miracle" if the car refrains from jumping off the road and breaking its occupants' necks. It is the result of what the engineers have put into their car-planning after they have watched Ab Jenkins do his risky stunt of driving deliberately into just such trouble at sixty miles an hour.

But, if a car, after this experience, should leave the road and shoot off down the hillside, there is a chance that it might run into a bed of heavy sand down below. This brings up another engineering problem, so the experts at the proving grounds have a test car driven recklessly down-hill into a bed of sand, as pictured on this page. The first impulse of the average car treated this way would be to dig its nose into the sand, perhaps stand on its ear and then crash over on its back. But the engineers, by observing just how a car behaves under such circumstances, can lay plans in advance at the factory to save the luckless driver before he has come to grief in the gravel and sand.

Other motorists, whether willingly or not, find their cars jumping into ditches, and not always out of them, hurdling high bumps in the road, or fighting the dangerous business of a blow-out at sixty miles an hour. All these things must be borne in mind by the engineers at the proving grounds.

An extremely rough track, with alternate ditches and bumps like small mountains, is fixed up for a test car to be driven over at high speed. The car must hurtle into a ditch without breaking its front wheels all to pieces and must get out of it, too, no matter what its hind wheels have to say about it. It must swoop down on a vicious bump in the road that may send it sailing six feet in the air, as pictured in another test photograph on this page. It may come to earth again with a jar that may shake the teeth out of its driver, but the car must go through this and the other ordeals without having a spring or a shackle broken, with its motor running smoothly and its body undamaged.

In the blow-out test a dynamite cap is so placed in the right front wheel that it will cause the tire to explode when the car is doing seventy. If it keeps the road in spite of this accident then the engineers say "Okay."

There are 163 tests in all, up hills, through snow and ice, under every conceivable driving condition.

If there's anything the engineers haven't thought of for a tough-baby car's test, it is climbing a telephone pole. Many drivers insist on trying to do this, and it may be one of these days there will be a proving-ground exhibition of that feat, too.

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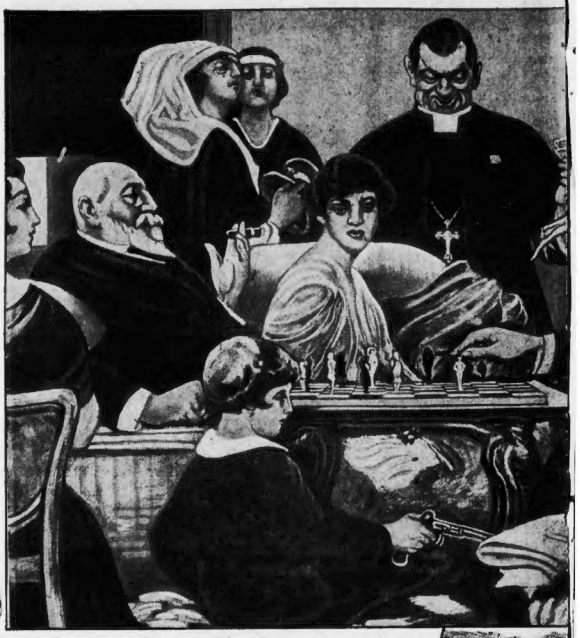
DYING—*Probably the Richest, Certainly the M*

Reputed to Have Built His Enormous Fortune on Death, D
So He Might Sell Shot and Shell F

Sir Basil Zaharoff Leaning Against an Iron Fence at Monte Carlo for Support in His Short Daily Stroll on Sunny Days.

Photograph of Sir Basil Zaharoff in His Official Robes After Having Been Made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath by the British Government, a Distinction Which Created no Little Resentment in England.



In Mr. Otway McCannell's Satire on Modern War, "The Devil's Chessboard," There Is no Portrait of Sir Basil Zaharoff. It Depicts Two Statesmen-Diplomats—Who Also Stand for the Comfortable Patriarcha Who Sacrificed the Youth of Europe—Playing a Game of Chess, With Young Men for Pawns. Looking on Are a Cleric, Typifying the Christian Church, Which Preached the Beauty of Sacrifice; a Young Woman, Typifying Society; the Spectre of Evil (a Skeleton), Highly Gratified by the Proceedings; a Widow and a Nurse in the Background. In the Foreground a Child Is Playing With a Pistol.

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MONTE CARLO, June 17.

SIR Basil Zaharoff, probably the richest man in the world and most powerful, certainly the most mysterious and considered by many to be the most diabolical, is slowly fading away at the age of 84.

He is dying in a fitting place. Monte Carlo, where he can view the gambling Casino which he controls, and the graveyard where its management generously gives free burial to suicides who have lost everything at the green tables.

If Satan appeared in human form and went into business, he could hardly find a more congenial enterprise than running a gambling resort and supplying the governments of the world with the most up-to-date means for slaughtering each other. Sir Basil usually sold his murderous goods impartially to both sides. Sometimes this was not politically expedient, and so he sold munitions to one side and loaned money to the other to keep the game going as long as possible. It really did not matter much to the mystery man where a nation bought its machine guns, shot and shell, because he would get his profit out of it in any case.

When the war was over, he had a powerful hand in dictating the peace terms to the extent of making sure that both sides paid his companies what they owed. The military interests of both countries did not care to defy Zaharoff, because in the next war they might have to fight with iron clubs, like the Russians. This unobtrusive shadow, which for nearly 50 years has been dictating much of the policies of the world, always picked winners except once, when he let a hobby interfere with his business judgment and even then did not lose anything.

All that is business, and not diabolical, because someone must be ready to sell munitions to governments if they insist on having it. It is not for giving customers what they asked for but for making customers, in other words causing wars, that he has been accused.

He is said to have maintained a private secret service system with spies in the chancelleries of Europe and even at Washington. Any King or President would grant a private audience to an emissary of the mystery man. They gave him as many honors as he would accept and would gladly have bestowed more decorations in place of cash they owed him.

It was almost inevitable that as head of the biggest private war munitions works in the world, and secretly affiliated with those that were supposed to be his rivals, he would be charged with using his remarkable intellect to encourage wars. These plants, in order to deliver enough goods in time of war, have to be of such huge size that they would be ruined by a decade of universal peace.

For some time after the World War, which must have equalled his loftiest ambitions, Sir Basil tried to be neutral, because his biggest and best customers were on both sides. Hardly a shot could be fired on either side that at least a royalty was not paid to one of his concerns. However, the time approached when he must pick the winner, because the thing was on such a colossal scale that the loser was certain to be bankrupt. The Allies were disquieted by reports that this man, who up to that time had never guessed wrong, was turning more and more to the Central Powers.

Then one day came the news that England's iron-handed military dictator, Lord Kitchener was dead. Instantly Zaharoff made his choice, and is reported to have said to one of his secretaries in Paris:

"With that incompetent out of the way the Allies should be able to win."

Immediately he crossed the Channel to London and took charge, advising Lloyd George what to do. The result was the sudden increase in guns and high explosive shells which made the little Welshman famous. Kitchener of Khartoum was one of the few men, who thought he knew more about war than Zaharoff, and refused to listen to his advice, a fact that cost many hundred thousand British lives. Lord Kitchener not only supplied his forces with inadequate artillery but, what was more fatal, stubbornly persisted in the use of shrapnel, obsolete and useless in trench warfare. It was Sir Basil's expert opinion that Germany lost the war, when one of her torpedoes or mines sank the British cruiser bearing Kitchener to Russia.

Zaharoff seems to have had an uncomfortable feeling about his mission in life, because it is said that never, under any circumstances, could he be induced to visit any of the famous battlefields or military graveyards, eloquent testimonials to the efficiency of the goods he sold his customers. As usual with such grim characters, he had another side. Zaharoff had two romantic ambitions, and in spite of his enormous wealth and power, both of these failed as signally as his destructive ambitions were successful. His attempts at love and patriotism were tragic.

If Satan took on human flesh surely he would give himself a better start than Zaharoff had, which could not have been much worse. His career began as a penniless orphan boy in the Greek quarter of Constantinople. Though he does not know his own nationality, he seems to have considered himself a Greek.

This grim, silent man, despising conventions, concealing himself always from the glare of the world, hating publicity intensely, fiercely resentful of even a photograph, had two master passions in his life. They were his undying love for a woman whom, after thirty-eight years of close association, he made his wife, and his unquestionable ambition to renew and revive the glories of Greece and have her once again one of the great nations of the world.

In all the events of his strange, obscure life, his love affair was perhaps the strangest. One evening, nearly forty years ago, he attended a reception in the Royal Palace in Madrid. As he descended the grand staircase he saw a man wearing the great Collar of the Golden Fleece seize a woman by the neck and attempt to strangle her. Zaharoff seized the man by the collar, pulled him violently backward and stepped between the coupl

The woman was about to fall to the ground and Zaharoff put his arm around her. The man was His Royal Highness Prince Francisco de Bourbon, Duke of Marchena, a cousin of the then King of Spain and a great-grandson of King Charles III. of Spain. The object of his violence was his wife. From that moment Zaharoff swore an undying devotion to the lovely young woman.

It was love at first sight, and for both of them an ill-fated one, because it lasted to the grave. The Royal husband of the Duchess was on the verge of insanity and a little later was locked up in an asylum. But the Duchess was a Spanish subject and Spain had no divorce. Therefore Zaharoff could not marry the only woman he cared for until the mad Duke should die. Fate mocked Sir Basil. Millions of men whom he did not care about have died by the bullets he made, yet this one man, useless to himself and a curse to his wife and Zaharoff, lived on and on in the protection of the madhouse.

Through her came a promotion, accounting for one of the steps from poverty to power. The Duchess managed to get the Spanish Government to give a $6,000,000 order to the munitions concern which Zaharoff then represented. The firm invited him to join its board. For this keen intellect to join a board meant to dominate it, and soon he began reaching out from one concern to another.

The last known piece of valuable advice given out by this quiet but powerful man was to Samuel Insull. Somehow, somewhere the Chicago utilities magnate had been useful to the munitions man, because when Insull was cowering in Paris wondering where he could safely hide from the arm of the American law, Zaharoff told him to go to Greece. His may have been the mysterious influence which made the Greek Government shield the fugitive and rebuff every effort at extradition.

His devotion to the Duchess was idyllic. He showered upon her all that wealth and power could bring. At last, in 1924, her miserable husband having died, Basil Zaharoff was able to keep his long-pledged vow to make her his wife. They lived a retired life together in Nice, Monte Carlo and Paris. Within eighteen months of their belated union she was dead, and with her died a large share of the force, the vigor, the vitality of an intellect that had stood the acid test of the greatest problems which had confronted continents.

Disintegration began. The great vital force that had kept this man pulsating with nervous energy for years, that had brooked no resistance, that had broken down the frontiers of nations, that had impelled obedience upon principalities and powers, began to ebb away.

Her death in 1926 was such a blow to Zaharoff that it was reported that he intended to give up all his business and retire to the solitude of his villa at Monte Carlo, but in the Winter of 1927-1928 he again took part in the social life of the Riviera.

The last occasion when he concerned himself in the affairs of the world was when he used his influence to obtain the release of Lady Edme Owen. This charming Frenchwoman, widow of an English Knight, was sentenced to jail for five years for shooting the wife of Dr. Paul Gastaud. It was alleged that she had supported the doctor for many years and that he had suddenly abandoned her. Lady Owen blamed the wife for taking him away from her. Many people sympathized with Lady Owen, and her peculiarly French misfortune appealed to the chivalrous instincts of Sir Basil, who used his influence to obtain her pardon.

All ambition is now gone as he slowly fades away toward the grave, into which his bullets have sent so many ahead of him. He does not care whether anyone gambles at the Casino now or not, and very few do. He doesn't care whether there are any more wars, and there aren't any, except small affairs in South America and the feeble attempts of the Chinese to stop the Japanese advance. Yet his approaching death fills the hearts of many important personages with terror.

For the last 50 years of his life, Sir Basil kept a diary of all his doings and relations with important figures of his time. If that diary should be published historians would know the real inside of recent history but it would be high explosive which would blast many a solid-looking reputation.

Each volume was written in his own hand, for he distrusted typewriters and typists. As the series progressed, each volume grew larger and larger. They contained the inside stuff on some of the greatest secrets of a half century in European history.

Sir Basil used to read a few extracts from them to his friends on special occasions. One day the late Lord Curzon, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, had been enjoying hearing some of these extracts in the library of Zaharoff's house on the Avenue Hoche, in Paris, and was much impressed by them.

"When you die, I suppose you will give them to the world?" asked Lord Curzon.

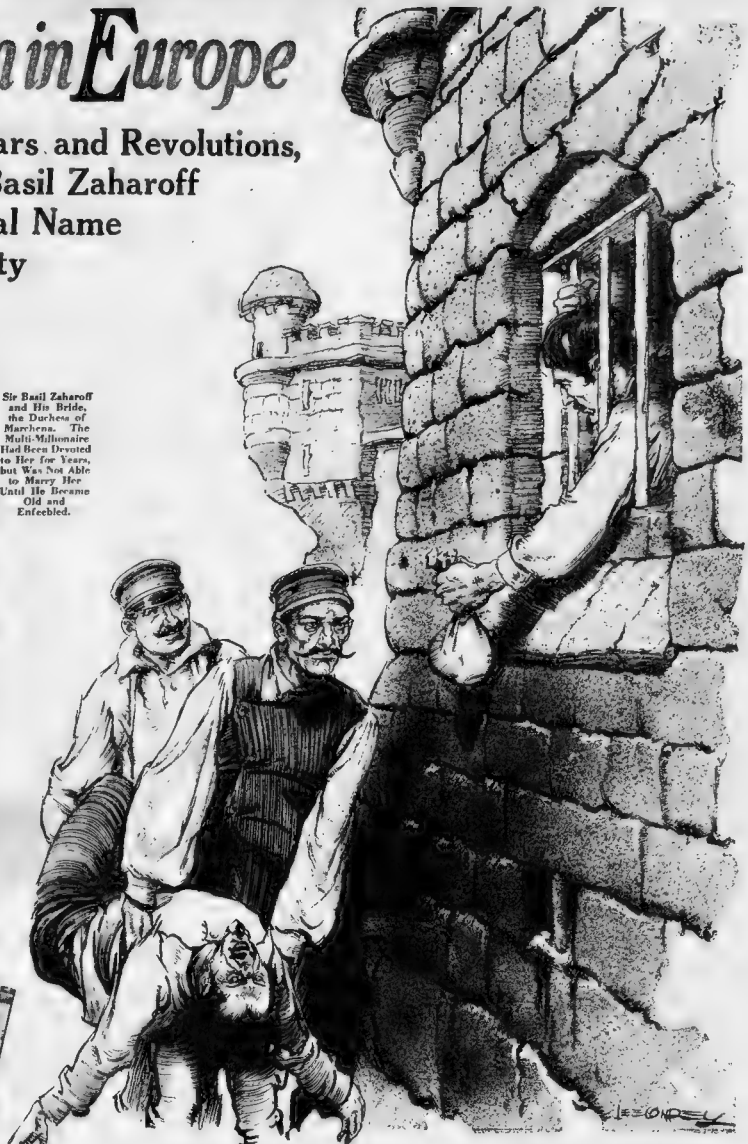
"They will pass with me. I have given orders that they be destroyed," answered Sir Basil.

Most Mysterious Man in Europe

estruction and Misery, Stirring Wars and Revolutions, rom His Munitions Factories, Sir Basil Zaharoff Still Hides His Real Name and Nationality

Sir Basil Zaharoff and His Bride, the Duchess of Marchena. The Multi-Millionaire Had Been Devoted to Her for Years, but Was Not Able to Marry Her Until He Became Old and Enfeebled.

French Graves and Memorial Commemorating the Soldier Dead at Verdun. It is Said That Sir Basil Zaharoff Never Visits Battlefields or Soldiers' Cemeteries and Closes His Eyes When His Automobile or Railway Car Passes One of These Memorials.



With an Important Financial Deal All Ready to Consummate in Greece, Mr. Zaharoff Was Seised by His Enemies and Thrown Into a Greek Prison to Be Kept in Confinement Until It Was Too Late for the Financier to Complete His Transaction.

But, With Characteristic Resourcefulness, Zaharoff Bought a Corpse and Had It Shot Full of Lead. He Then Bribed His Guards and Escaped From Prison. The Corpse Was Picked Up and Buried as "B. Zaharoff, Shot Attempting to Escape." Zaharoff Then Calmly Concluded His Financial Transaction With Great Profit to Himself.

"But think of the loss to the world," protested Curzon.

"I owe the world nothing. They go when I go," was Zaharoff's rejoinder.

Frequent efforts and many ingenious ruses were used to see the great diary, some of them by statesmen and others by publishers. A publisher attempted to bribe Zaharoff's faithful senior Scotch secretary with $10,000 merely for the privilege of reading through the volumes without the owner's knowledge.

When the secretary reported the offer, Zaharoff said:

"This decides me. For a long time I have been questioning myself whether to leave the diary in existence or not, but I had better not leave it, I see. I don't wish it to be the means of corrupting my employees."

It was after this episode that Zaharoff decided to destroy his diary before any harm was done instead of ordering it to be burned after his death. It was so voluminous and written on such good paper that it required two days to burn it in the furnace of his Paris house. It contained thousands of secrets of international importance, which could not have been found anywhere else.

In explaining why he burned it, Sir Basil said, "Because I have no desire to satisfy morbid public curiosity."

There was relief and rejoicing in high circles when the burning of those deadly books was told but later came rumors that the volumes had not been destroyed at all and the story given out merely to discourage further attempts to get at their contents. So the question is whether they still exist and if so, will they really be destroyed unread at his death? Another mystery of this most mysterious of all men.

Concerning Sir Basil, Lord Beaverbrook wrote:

"The destinies of nations are his sport, the movements of armies and affairs of governments his special delight. In the wake of war this mysterious figure moves over tortured Europe."

At one time the British Parliament was considerably disturbed about the secret power Zaharoff exercised over the government. When Zaharoff was named to the Order of the bath, Colonel Aubrey Herbert, Member of Parliament and brother of the Earl of Carnarvon, asked the government:

"I wish to call attention to the honor given to Sir Basil Zaharoff, who is reputed to be the richest man in the world and who is said to have made his money out of munitions factories which he holds in many countries. If it be true that he helped us out in the war by giving us a loan, why was not that stated when he was decorated?"

The government representative refused to answer the question.

Another Member of Parliament, Colonel Walter Guinness, protesting against the honor conferred on Zaharoff, said:

"His chief fame is that he is understood to have been a controlling factor in the production of armaments in four or five different countries. Even more important from the British point of view is that although he is British enough to be a Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire and a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, he is primarily a Greek. If in foreign affairs, we are to have a presidential system, the voice which the President hears should at least be British and his interests should be those of his own country."

The alleged "President of Britain" to whom Colonel Guinness was referring was Mr. Lloyd George, who was at that time very closely associated with Sir Basil Zaharoff. Sir Basil is understood to have induced Lloyd George to support the Greeks in the disastrous war they made against Turkey in 1923. Zaharoff, according to this view, persuaded the English to buy munitions from him and give them to the Greeks, which he sold, thus making a profit while advancing the fortunes of his native country at the expense of England.

From the British Government he received for his services the title of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, an honor rarely given to anyone not born in Britain and usually reserved for distinguished admirals and generals. Yet he was practically unknown to the British people, and when they heard of this honor they regarded him with suspicion.

From the French Government he received the decoration of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. But although he owned two palaces in France he was not a French subject, and when he received any public attention he was attacked as an enemy of the country.

Not one bit of satisfaction did any of these complainers get from their governments. Heads of governments are always thinking of the next war and besides there was that diary maybe. Curiously enough, the only country that ever treated this man rough was Greece, to which he is inclined to think he belongs, and the only one for which he has shown the slightest affection.

Rather early in his career, while engaged in a particularly important business transaction in Athens, they say, Sir Basil had the misfortune to be arrested and sent to prison. Greek justice worked slowly and there was every prospect that his business deal would be lost long before his case came to trial. The resourceful Sir Basil, according to the story, bought a corpse and had it shot full of lead. He then bribed his guard and escaped from the prison. The corpse was picked up by the prison authorities and buried as the body of "B. Zaharoff, shot attempting to escape."

The real Zaharoff resumed business where he had left off, put the deal through and got away safely.

A few years before his marriage to the Duchess of Marchena, one of her daughters was married to Count Jean d'Ostrorog of Poland. Sir Basil gave the bride a dowry of $1,000,000 and took charge of the wedding ceremony, which occurred at his great estate in France, the Chateau de Ballincourt. This is one of the most magnificent places in the vicinity of Paris. It was once presented by the wicked King Leopold of Belgium to his favorite, the Baroness de Vaughan, and witnessed the old King's furious rage when he surprised her there one day with her handsome soldier lover. It has long been a favorite residence of Sir Basil. Its furniture and settings, its tapestries, pictures and other works of art are on a splendid scale, worthy of his wealth and power.

His Paris residence is a magnificent mansion in the Avenue Hoche, where he lived in mysterious seclusion. He employed two stern Scotch secretaries to keep silence for him. Only a few intimate friends were ever received.

Sir Basil Zaharoff was born in 1850. Where? Some say in Greece, others in Constantinople. The mystery of the man's life starts with his birth. Even in his marriage certificate he declared that he did not know the place of his birth. At one time he was called "Basil Tsaropoulos," which means "Son of the Czar." Subsequently he changed this to its Russian equivalent, "Zaharoff." However, when he was first heard of he spelled his name "Zaroff."

As a boy he lived in the Greek quarter of Constantinople called Tatavia. His parents were so poor that they could not give him a proper education, but fortunately a kind-hearted man paid to send him to an English school in the city. From there Basil went to work for a money

Continued on Page 17

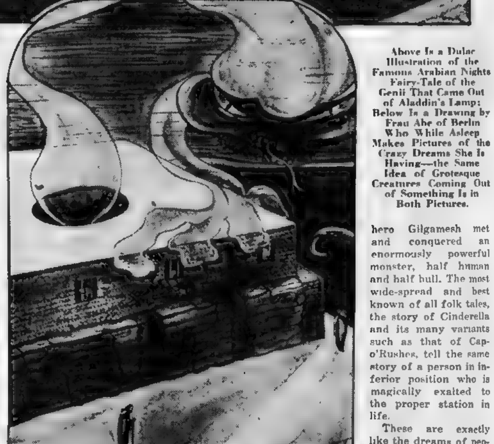
Dreams at Bottom of the Familiar Fairy Stories

Dr. Devine, Distinguished British Expert on Mental Disease, Points Out the Similarities in Exaggerations, Lack of Logic and Absurd Shifts of Ideas Between Our Imaginings While Asleep and the Old Stories, and Suspects Both Are Closely Related to Madness

Jack Pursued by the Giant, From the Fairy-tale of Jack and the Beanstalk. Exaggeration of Physical Characteristics Is Common, Dr. Devine Argues, to Both Dreams and Fairy-Stories.

Samson Killing the Lion, Another Example of Exaggeration in Legend Pointed Out by the Professor.

Strange "Dream Drawing" by Jean Violur, Eccentric European Artist, Showing the Same Illogical Jumble of Ideas Common Both to Dreams and Fairy-tales. The Artist Calls This Picture "Resurrection."



Above Is a Dulac Illustration of the Famous Arabian Nights Fairy-Tale of the Genii That Came Out of Aladdin's Lamp; Below Is a Drawing by Frau Abe of Berlin Who While Asleep Makes Pictures of the Crazy Dreams She Is Having—the Same Idea of Grotesque Creatures Coming Out of Something Is in Both Pictures.

Many Dreams Deal With Talking Animals, and the Old Story of Little Red Riding Hood and the Wicked Wolf May Be Only a Reflection of This Peculiarity.

NO one ever has imagined that fairy stories like those of Cinderella or Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant Killer are related to madness, yet this relationship has been discovered by a distinguished British expert in mental disease, Dr. H. Devine. What links the two is another familiar experience which seems to ordinary people totally different from both. It is dreaming. What is more, the equally common experiences of day-dreaming and absentmindedness seem to belong to the same family of human characteristics, related to the same cause. It is not impossible that this cause always is a very simple thing, a lack of oxygen in the grey cells of the brain.

A few weeks ago, in London, Dr. Devine developed these new theories in a presidential address to one of the most distinguished of British medical bodies, the Section of Psychiatry of the Royal Society of Medicine. Naturally, they have aroused much discussion among experts on insanity and students of dreams, as well as no little protest among lovers of fairy stories. The verdict seems to be that while there may be wide differences in some directions between insanity, dreaming and fairy tales, there are great similarities also. Dr. Devine's theory seems to have "something in it."

It begins by pointing out one of the most frequent characteristics of a dream. This is absurdity. An American student of dreams, Dr. L. H. Horton of Boston, describes an example in which the dreamer felt himself to be standing poised on one toe like a statue of the Roman god Mercury on top of the newel post at the bottom of a grand stairway in a building like an opera house. But instead of being nude or dressed in Roman costume, as real statues of Mercury always are, the dreamer seemed to be wearing full evening dress, including the top hat. Nothing could be more absurd than this; a statue of a Roman god in evening clothes and top hat, poised on one toe like a dancer and decorating a grand staircase with people passing up and down.

The explanation suggested by Dr. Horton is simple. For some accidental reason, such as a momentary draft through his bedroom or some slight [illegible] of the bedclothes, the sleeper's body felt a slight chill. This suggested the nude Roman god. Immediately, however, the body warmed up again, before the brain, dulled by sleep, had time to form any clear image of anything. This warmth added to the original idea that of clothing, so that Mercury was conceived as clothed. The sleeper's toes, perhaps, were being pressed harder than usual by the bedclothes. This suggested the posture of being poised on one toe, like the familiar statues of this god.

The essential item, however, is not this explanation which Dr. Horton suggests, for several other explanations might be devised and it would be difficult to decide which was the correct one. The point is that the whole dream was absurd. If awake, the person concerned would discover instantly that he was not really standing on a post beside a stairway but was lying flat in bed.

Another familiar evidence of the absurdity of dreams is the sudden shifts which they make from one idea, person or scene to another. In one dream recorded by a New York psychologist, the sleeper first imagined himself to be riding in an automobile. The driver turns around completely and enters into a long conversation during which the automobile apparently drives itself. Presently the automobile seems to have shrunk to about the size of a roller skate, on which three people are riding. Where the third person came from does not appear. Looking down, the dreamer suddenly sees that he is riding, instead, on a large Bible, evidently provided with castors. Next the Bible seems to be held in the dreamer's hand. He opens it and puts in the roller skate for a bookmark. Noah then comes out of the Bible, with long, white beard and flowing robe like the familiar pictures.

A great flood hundreds of feet high comes rolling down the street, with a fire engine swimming on top of it like a boat. All the firemen are rowing with oars like giant teaspoons. Trying to get out of the way, Noah and the dreamer pull their automobile, which has mysteriously re-materialized, over to one side of the flood, where a crowd of people are watching the fire engine swim past. Suddenly the dreamer notices that he has no clothes on. He tries to take from Noah the robe he had been wearing, but discovers that Noah has been mysteriously replaced by his landlady, who is wearing a pillowslip. With that the dream ended and the sleeper woke.

Psychological interpreters might find many kinds of meaning in this dream. The fire engine, for example, presumably was suggested by a real fire engine going past outside the house or by some similar bell or whistle. The most characteristic thing about the dream is, however, the sudden and absurd shifts of ideas. One idea may follow logically enough on the one immediately preceding; like Noah on the idea of the Bible, a flood after the idea of Noah, and so on. But the whole sequence is entirely nonsensical.

This is characteristic of dream absurdities. The dreamer may be first at home, then in Paris, next in Timbuctoo or at the North Pole, all with what seems to him to be perfect logic and reasonableness.

This same characteristic of illogical shifts, often becoming more and more involved and impossible, Dr. Devine points out to be a characteristic of fairy-tales. An example is the familiar one of Jack and the Beanstalk. This tale begins, simply enough, with a few magic beans. These grow so rapidly that one beanstalk reaches the sky. Jack climbs, much as a real boy might climb a tree. Then comes a sudden shift to the idea of another country in the sky to which the beanstalk stretches, precisely as a dreamer turns around a street corner in New York and finds himself in Rome or Paris.

In this sky land Jack finds a giant who grows larger and larger and more and more cruel as the tale proceeds. Ultimately, Jack cuts down the beanstalk with a single glow of a hatchet; obviously something that no person would imagine to be possible with a tree or anything else tall enough to reach the sky and to hold the weight of a giant climbing down it.

An even better example of this growing absurdity of a dream story is an American folk-tale current a few years ago in frontier communities on the Pacific Coast and in the Pacific Northwest, the tale of the giant pumpkin. A boy found a pumpkin seed, the tale begins, and planted it beside the family cabin. Presently a pumpkin grew on the vine and got bigger and bigger. Finally it threatened to push over the house, so the boy's father got a ladder and an ax, climbed on top of the giant pumpkin and began to cut it up so that it could be fed to the cattle. For a long time he chopped bits out of the top of the pumpkin, like a man digging a well. Finally the ax broke through, slipped from his grasp and fell down into the pumpkin's hollow interior. Not wanting to lose a good ax, the man got his ladder, climbed down into the inside of the pumpkin and began to hunt the lost tool. After a while he met a man, who asked him what he was doing. "I'm hunting my ax," he said. "No use," said the man "I've been hunting a horse and cart for three days."

Students of folk-lore point out that the chief characteristic of this story is the gradual, unnoticed enlargement of the pumpkin as the tale proceeds. First it is merely a big pumpkin. Next it is as large as a house. Presently it is big enough for a ladder to be needed to climb down inside it. Finally it is large enough for a horse and cart to disappear in it. Precisely this greater and greater involvement in some ridiculous idea is characteristic of many dreams. Each incident is linked logically enough to the preceding one, but the whole tale is absurd.

Dr. Devine suggests that this is just what happens to insane people suffering from the kind of insanity called dementia precox or schizophrenia. Hospital attendants who care for these people notice that they withdraw more and more from contact with the real world or from notice of it. They seem to be asleep on their feet. Some of them even neglect to eat and must be fed artificially to keep them alive. Yet by means of stimulants, drugs or other means physicians sometimes can arouse these persons. When they do, they discover that a continuous series of ideas, frequently absurd but none the less vivid, is passing all the time through the apparently inert mind.

So it is also in day dreams. In a recent railway accident a train ran off the edge of an open drawbridge. The signals were set properly. Nothing obvious had happened to the engineer. He should have stopped the train safely. Yet he did not. No one can be sure why, for the engineer was killed. Experts investigating the accident suggested, however, that the unfortunate engineer might have been in a day-dream and oblivious to his surroundings; something which happens often to habitual day dreamers or to other absent-minded people, but which is a very bad thing to happen to engineers.

Such states of the mind, day-dreaming, actual dreaming during sleep, schizophrenic insanity and the state of mind which leads people to invent fairy stories, all have the same essential characteristic. The condition of the victim's mind cuts him off somehow from all the outer world. He has no way to correct the absurdity of the ideas which drift one after another through the brain. The day-dreamer, for example, really believes in his castles in Spain, in the love of his imaginary princess, in his ability to become the strongest man in the world, and so on. This essential similarity of all these different conditions makes it highly probable that all of them are really alike in what happens in the brain.

Another close similarity between ordinary dreams and familiar fairy-tales is that both so often bear marks of a feeling of inferiority or incompetence, which is magically cured. There are, for example, the common dreams of being set to do tasks which one finds to be utterly impossible, like climbing a high mountain when one leg will scarcely drag after the other. These are matched in myths and fairy-stories by the tales of fetching water in a sieve, as in the English tale of the Well at the World's End, or of cleaning impossible buildings, like the Greek tale of the labor of Hercules in cleaning the Augean stables.

There are innumerable fairy stories of weaklings made strong or strong men made weak, like the Bible story of Samson, the many variants of the story of Jack the Giant Killer and so on. The oldest folk-story known in the world, the Epic of Gilgamesh written down more than five thousand years ago on the clay tablets of ancient Babylonia, contains a tale of how the hero Gilgamesh met and conquered an enormously powerful monster, half human and half bull. The most wide-spread and best known of all folk tales, the story of Cinderella and its many variants such as that of Cap-o'Rushes, tell the same story of a person in inferior position who is magically exalted to the proper station in life.

These are exactly like the dreams of people who feel themselves inadequate for their duties or ambitions and who therefore, imagine, in their dreams, that they can accomplish feats they know to be absurd. It is characteristic of the insane, also, that they often have similar delusions.

As to the fundamental cause of all these things, from simple dreams to the complete ruin of the mind in cases of extreme schizophrenic insanity, Dr. Devine suggests possible relations of the brain cells to oxygen. Differences in breathing or in blood supply during sleep already are known to have much to do with dreaming. Insane people of the schizophrenic class are known to be greatly affected by drugs which change the carriage of oxygen in the blood or the relations of this oxygen to living cells in the brain and nervous system.

It is probable, too, that day dreaming and the kind of reveries in which people plan and compose fanciful stories like fairy-tales also may be related to shallow breathing or slowed blood circulation or some other condition which alters the relations of the grey cells of the brain to oxygen.

If this is true, it is not too much to hope that scientists presently will learn enough about it to prevent or cure this kind of insanity or even to ward off dreams, day-dreams—or the construction of fairy-tales from anyone who desires it.

However, as much of the literature of humanity, both sacred and profane, is in the nature of fairy-tales, the cure in this case would seem to be much worse than the disease. After all the realities of life are not so pleasant to most people that they should be denied this avenue of escape.

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MRS. DREAR AND MRS. CHEER

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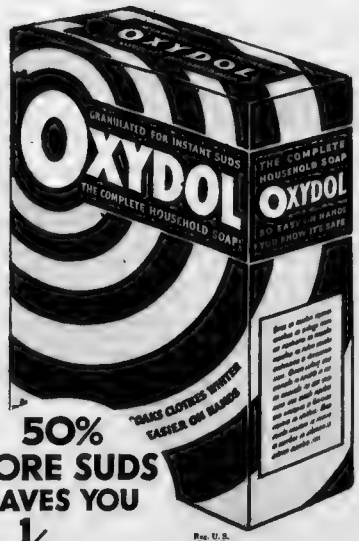

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LET OXYDOL DO THE WORK

The Campanile Murders

By Whittaker Chambers

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

CHAPTER VI.

Brother Wilson.

THE police car drew up before the Chi Sigma house with screaming brakes.

Kyne, Lorrimer and Bartlett, in plain clothes. A dozen students, who had been talking animatedly on the wide, lighted veranda, turned and stared at the car and the three men. Kyne was crawling as his long skinny legs carried him up the walk. He mounted the steps and looked over the silent group of men.

"Who's in charge here?" he asked abruptly.

Someone snickered.

"Well, snap into it!" Kyne glowered. "Who's in charge here?"

A slight young man, well groomed, with polished black hair, stepped out of the group.

"I suppose you might say I am in charge, I—"

"You're the man I want to see," Kyne snapped. "Come on in. The rest of you fellows stay out."

The captain led the way into the fraternity house. The slight young man followed, smiling faintly. Bartlett and Lorrimer stepped in behind them and closed the wide front door.

Kyne went into a large, over-furnished room which opened off of the entrance hall. He turned then, abruptly, and held out his hand.

"Captain Kyne of the detective bureau," he said.

Still smiling that faintly amused smile, the young man shook hands with him and said, deferentially, "James Wilson, house manager of the local chapter of Chi Sigma."

Kyne jerked his head toward the others. "Sergeant Lorrimer, and Bill Bartlett, of the Times-Star. Sit down, Wilson. I want to talk to you. Have a cigar?"

Wilson eyed the cigar and shook his head. "Thanks, I'll stick to cigarettes."

Kyne lit his stogey and sat down in a wide deep chair. He pulled one thin leg under him, exhaled a great lungful of smoke and asked, conversationally:

"Heard anything about what happened in the Campanile tonight?"

Wilson nodded and struck a match to his cigarette. "Yes. One of the brothers just called up and told me that a shot had been fired in the Campanile and the police were there. That is all I know."

Kyne's pale eyes were wary and discerning. He remarked mildly:

"Malcolm Jannings was shot and killed while he was playing the chimes."

Wilson's heavy black eyebrows raised a little. He blew the ash off the end of his cigarette and asked: "Who killed him, captain?"

Kyne said gently: "You tell me, Wilson."

"I?" Again that vaguely derisive smile played about the corners of his lips. "Are you of the opinion, captain, that I know who killed Mal Jannings?"

"I'm not offering any opinion, Wilson—not yet."

"Perhaps—if you told me how he was killed—"

Kyne said, as though reciting a lesson: "He was shot through the left temple with a .32-caliber pistol. The murderer stepped up behind him as he was playing the chimes, spoke to him and shot him down when he turned. He probably died instantly. The murderer escaped."

"How?" Wilson asked ingenuously.

"You didn't get your cue, son. I came here to ask questions, not to answer them. Suppose you tell me all you know about Mal Jannings."

With effeminate precision, Wilson blew three smoke rings. "We first heard of Jannings through one of our alumni who lived in Minneapolis. His name? I've forgotten. Jannings, according to this alumnus, was playing on the freshman football team of the University of Minnesota and was setting the world afire. Also, he was just about starving to death trying to work his way through college selling books. Our alumnus suggested that we urge Jannings to come out here and go to State. Find a job for him and that sort of thing."

Wilson shrugged and smiled wisely at Kyne, as much as to say, "You know how those things are done."

He went on: "Anyway, Jannings came out here and we got him the position of chimesmaster. He had a fair knowledge of music. Not much, but enough to get by. Playing chimes, as you know, is more a matter of brawn and dexterity than anything else."

Mr. Wilson, Bartlett reflected, probably played the violin and played it well.

"Anyway, Jannings went out for football and proved a distinct disappointment. He had the physique, but, so the coaches have told me, he was utterly lacking in a knowledge of the fundamentals. He has been playing, I believe, on the third string."

"Yes, yes," said Kyne. "Let's get to the man himself."

"Well, he was a likeable chap, a good mixer, good company, all that. But he didn't have—well, the cultural background that a college man should have."

"Really," said Kyne.

"He was rather rough and uncouth at times. And then he had a great deal of difficulty with his studies. Of course, we coached him all we could but it was only through the pulling of a few wires that we were able to keep him in college at all."

There was a sudden keen light in Kyne's ice-blue eyes. "Tell me this, Wilson," he said tersely. "In your opinion, had Mal Jannings ever attended college before?"

"In my opinion—no. Not more than two years of high school."

Kyne unwinded his legs and stood up. "Where's your phone?"

"On the table over there in the corner."

Kyne went to the telephone and called the city hall. He got the detective bureau and said crisply: "Kyne. Take this wire, Walling, Chief of Police, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Malcolm Jannings, said to be a former student of the University of Minnesota, murdered here tonight under unusual circumstances. Wire me any pertinent information you can obtain concerning this man.' And sign my name."

Kyne went back to his chair. "Where was Jannings' home?"

"He never mentioned it definitely, though he gave us to understand that it was somewhere in Minnesota."

"Any parents? Relatives?"

"He never mentioned any, captain."

"How about his friends — I mean outside of those he has made here at the university?"

"I don't recall him ever mentioning a soul."

"Did he ever get any letters?"

"None that I know of."

"How about his personal habits? He lived here at the house, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go out much? By himself, I mean?"

"A good deal. Quite often he stayed away all night."

"Yes, yes. Any idea where?"

"No, he never told us. Just remarked that he stayed with friends in town."

"Who were the friends?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"University people?"

"I think not."

"As far as your knowledge goes, who did he know around here?"

Wilson pursed his lips and blew smoke at the ceiling. "Well, he knew the fellows here at the house. He was friendly with a few of the men on the football squad. I suppose he knew two or three of his professors, perhaps a few students of his classes."

"How about women?"

"Women?" Wilson kept his eyes on the ceiling. "I don't believe Jannings was greatly interested in women."

Kyne's voice was disarmingly mild. "When did you give your last house dance, Wilson?"

"About ten days ago. Why?"

"I want to know who Jannings brought to that dance."

"He didn't bring anybody, captain."

Kyne looked bored. "Oh, why be about it, Wilson? You're just wasting my time as well as your own. If you don't tell me who he brought, some one else will. I'll find out some way. Come, come! Who did Jannings bring?"

Wilson considered. Finally he said reluctantly: "You're right, of course, captain. You're bound to find out. He brought Ann Michaels."

"Co-ed, is she?"

"Yes. A junior."

"Has Jannings rushed her much?"

Wilson tossed his cigarette into the fireplace. "Quite a bit."

"What kind of a girl is this Ann Michaels?"

Wilson looked at him sharply, as though he were shocked at the question. He replied, frowning: "She is a very charming young woman."

"That tells me a lot," the captain growled. "Do you know where she lives?"

"Number 12 Addison Way."

"Sorority house?"

"No. Apartment house."

"Doesn't she belong to a sorority?" Kyne demanded.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Perhaps, captain, you'd better put that question to Miss Michaels."

"Don't worry, lad! I shall. And now I'd like to see Jannings' room."

Kyne rose lazily and stood waiting. Wilson lounged to his feet.

"He shared a room with two other fellows."

"I don't care if he shared it with ten other fellows. I want to look it over."

Wilson nodded and went out, Kyne at his heels.

Lorrimer scowled as he regarded his cigar. "Fresh little brat, ain't he?"

"I'll say," Bartlett agreed.

"I'd like to get him down to the hall for a while," the sergeant muttered. "I'd take a lot of that out of him."

Bartlett yawned. "I don't doubt it, Charlie."

Ann Michaels? He'd heard of her, of course. Who hadn't? Leading spirit of the Mask and Dagger Society. President of the junior class. Crack tennis player. Honor student. Perhaps the most popular girl on the campus, despite her lack of sorority affiliations.

And now she was mixed up in a murder. Well, not mixed up, exactly. The fact that Mal Jannings had rushed her a bit didn't necessarily involve her in the case. Still, leave it to Kyne. If she wasn't already involved, she would be when he got through with her. Kyne's mind worked that way.

The captain was gone for fifteen or twenty minutes. When he came back there were spots of color on his high cheek bones. His eyes looked bright and restless. His step was brisk, nervous. He jerked his head toward Wilson, who had followed him into the room.

"Lorrimer, see that his man doesn't hit a telephone," he ordered.

The sergeant looked blank as he lumbered to his feet.

"For heaven's sake, get the cobwebs out of your brain!" Kyne shouted. "I'm going to drop in on Ann Michaels. I want to surprise her if I can. And I don't want this kid to tip her off that I'm on my way. Got it, sergeant?"

Lorrimer scowled at Wilson. "Sure I got it."

"Stay here, sergeant, until I call for you," Kyne ordered as he strode toward the door.

Wilson cried angrily: "Just a minute, captain! What's the idea? Am I to understand—"

Kyne whirled on him. "I don't give a hoot what you understand! But if you want to stay healthy, keep your trap shut. Come on, Bill. We're going to have a heart-to-heart talk with Miss Ann Michaels."

CHAPTER VII.

Ann Michaels.

"WHAT do you think of him?" Bartlett asked when they were in the car.

"Mr. James Wilson?"

"Yes."

"The same thing." Kyne replied, "that I think of all these college yaps. They're too flip."

"I mean, do you think he knows anything about the case?"

Kyne grunted. "Notice how he tried to clam up about this Michaels woman?"

"That might have been ordinary chivalry."

A vulgar sound issued from Kyne's lips. It was his only response.

Bartlett asked: "Did he kick through with anything when you had him alone?"

"Nothing important," the captain said, evasively.

"Well, what was your general impression of him?" the reporter persisted, impatiently. "What'd you gather?"

Kyne cried petulantly: "I gathered that he hated Mal Jannings' guts, for one thing. I gathered that he has a crush on Ann Michaels, for another. Is that enough for you?"

"Plenty," Bartlett grinned.

Kyne drew up before a four-story apartment building, the two men got out of the car and climbed the stairs to apartment 14, on the second floor. Ann Michaels met them at the door.

Bartlett looked at her and involuntarily compared her with Lillian Voyne. Lillian was attractive and charming, but this girl was beautiful. She had ash blonde hair and she wore it slightly waved and combed over her ears into a coil at the back of her neck. Now, with the light behind her, it shone like spun gold. Her eyes were sapphire blue; her features delicate but not weak. Her figure was perfect and her clothes subtly enhanced it. And she had poise enough for a dozen young women.

Captain Kyne, when the need arose, could drop his hard-boiled shell like a cloak. He removed his hat and bowed formally.

"Miss Michaels? I am Captain Kyne of the police department. This is Mr. Bartlett of the Times-Star."

Ann Michaels nodded, neither coolly nor yet friendly. Barlett, watching her with admiring eyes, saw no change in her color.

"I'd like to have a little talk with you," Kyne said.

She stepped to one side of the door. Her voice was cool and liquid. "Please come in."

They went through a small hall and into a spacious and well-furnished living room.

Kyne and Bartlett sat down. Miss Michaels offered them cigarettes.

"Nice little place you have here, Miss Michaels," Kyne remarked.

"Thank you." He voice was quiet, but her cool eyes inquired what business it was of his.

"Must cost you quite a bit to keep up a place like this," he remarked.

She did not answer at once. Then, her voice less under control: "I can't quite see, Captain Kyne, how it is any of your busi-

(Continued on Page 16)

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GOODYEAR

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BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

Wealth, Position, Power---Big Time ---Roger Got Them All, but Gave Them Up for Love

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company of Mt Jovite. Beautiful Ann Trent, Roger's wife, is ambitious for her husband and their daughter Babs. Ann feels that Roger, thirty-one and still a teller, will eventually go far due to his ability and winning personality.

A change comes when David W. Starr inherits control of the bank. Roger's personality attracts D. W., who promotes him to assistant cashier. It feeds the banker's conceit and craving for power to feel himself responsible for Roger Trent's rise. Also he thinks Roger may be useful to him in watching his cousins, Jerome and Douglas Starr, who each have a quarter interest in the Starr fortune.

Roger is made cashier, then executive vice president of the bank, and Ann's social ambitions keep pace with his rise. Roger attends a wild party at Juniper Lodge, D. W.'s country place, and falls in love with his employer's accomplished mistress, Tiffany Darrell.

Tiffany makes him promise that D. W., whom Roger has come to hate, will never find out about their love. He could crush them both, Roger financially and Tiffany in a way she will not explain.

Roger plays the market shrewdly and makes money. He arranges with Janice Hope, his wise young secretary, to accompany him to parties at the Lodge and make it appear she is his sweetie.

An accident to Babs while he is at the Lodge sobers Roger considerably. Ann begs him to leave the bank and its associations but he tells her it is too late now.

Roger's profits increase and, upon Tiffany's advice, he puts almost two million dollars into government bonds. Meanwhile Ann strives for social leadership, hoping thus to win Roger back.

The stock market crash sweeps Roger's paper profits away, but thanks to Tiffany he still has his bonds. Donald Starr has been using the bank's securities to speculate with, and Roger buys his bank stock to enable him to make good.

The situation becomes unbearable to Ann. She leaves Roger and places Babs in a boarding school.

Jerome Strode to Ann's Boat. Almost Dragging Her From It. Their Voices Floated Across to Roger, Jerome's Roundly Scolding, Ann's Gay and Ringing.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ann Steps Out.

HOWEVER much the parting with Roger cost Ann in heartbreak she made short work of moving; she secured a small furnished cottage on Bulrush Lake, and took a few knick-knacks from the house.

A lively prospect opened up for her as Summer came on, since the best families in Mt. Jovite had pretentious cottages along the lake and spent most of the season there.

Roger closed the house and moved to the Taunee Club. His freedom gave him less pleasure than he had expected. It accentuated Tiffany's position. His enforced guardedness in her presence irked him and was more bitter because of his own release. He was impatient to claim her wholly now.

Tiffany was distressed. She realized that now was the time to go to Roger openly... And yet...

Rumors began to float around about Ann. Roger, unconcerned at first, began to take a live interest when he heard that she had moved from the small cottage into the Strayte place. He raised his eyebrows at the information. The Strayte place was a mansion resembling a metropolitan yacht club, built out into the water reached by a concrete pier several hundred feet long. Trees and shrubbery studded the filled-in embankment that housed it.

The Strayte's, a middle-aged couple, lived in California now the year round and Strayte-mere as they called their lake retreat, had been closed for some time. They were fond of Ann; Roger knew if she had suggested opening it, they had gladly consented. He was disturbed. An humble Ann, crushed and submissive to fate, was the role he had unconsciously imposed upon her. Strayte-mere did not fit into that role.

He saw her one day, streaking through the streets of Mt. Jovite in an imported, high-powered, bullet-shaped roadster. The thing, shiny black with a scarlet snout, looked like a vicious monster. Ann saw him. She nodded with a surprisingly wide smile, and, as though to give him a thrill, jerked open the cut-out and roared past him, "like all let loose and raring to get arrested," as he afterwards described it to D. W.

He whistled over that, watching the bee-like tail of the huge car disappear. Ann going racy! Reserved, dignified Ann!

Jerome, who frequented the lake of late, brought him the news that Ann had won the annual regatta in her own arrow-like speed boat, Bride of the Spray, at the controls herself.

"You should have seen her," he said. "She looked like the Spirit of Speed, itself. When she made that last turn—on one corner—and knew she had won, she stood straight up, one arm uplifted, and everybody held their breath expecting to see her swept into the lake by her own air current."

Roger began to think seriously of Ann. What was she up to, anyway? All this speed, this daring; Ann wasn't like that. Had he made her reckless enough to deliberately court death—trying to forget him? He intimated as much to Jerome. Jerome punctured his vanity.

"Ho! Ho! Mighty male drives loving wife to desperation," he laughed, then assured Roger that Ann had no such thought in mind; that Ann was just learning to live; that she was living as she had never lived before, as she had not dreamed it possible to live—Ann said so herself. He assured Roger that he would be surprised! That Ann was the gayest light in the Colony; that she was amazing; that the daring things she did was the talk of the lake front; that no smart party was complete without her. He said that Ann's own parties sizzed with originality and that Ann had a trail of men in her wake that would make the Virgin Queen look like a piker."

Jerome's recounting of Ann's good times, her sudden popularity with men, irritated Roger. He told Jerome shortly that Ann must have changed. Jerome said, "And how!"

He tried to put her out of his mind. But Ann, he excused his persistent interest, was his responsibility. Why he had practically raised Ann; he hated like the deuce to see her go haywire, now.

It was Tincie who made him really flame with anger and displeasure. She stormed in upon him one day at the bank and in irate gutteral tones demanded that he do something about it—and queeck!

"Always he was mine—teel dot voman, your Ann, she shine round heem. Now he crazy for her—jus' ven he getting divworse! You mus' do someteeng—queeck!"

Roger was astounded. Jerome Starr! Of all men on earth!... So that was why Jerome frequented the lake. And Ann permitted his attentions. Indignation boiled in him.

"Why don't you keep your hold on the fool," he snapped at Tincie.

"Aa-a-ah," said the shrewd Swede, "you steel like Ann, eh?"

"Don't be an idiot," he barked. "We both know Jerome—and what's on his mind. But if he's what Ann wants," he added with rising resentment, "let her have him." He said he didn't care; he demanded of Tincie, loudly, why should he? And when Tincie went out, he boiled all over again.

The next noon, he gave in to his twenty-four-hour urge and told himself that he ought to have a look at the old lake again. Why, he'd scarcely seen it for a couple of years; it would be a real outing.

The yacht club was a bare stone's throw from Strayte-mere. He sat on the club veranda and had coffee. Bright parasols dotted the grounds of Ann's new abode; men and women, in bathing suits, in tea-gowns and flannels, sat about at tables under them—all eyes turned lakeward.

Out on the lake two speed boats were racing like demons. Roger recognized Jerome's, but the other—a silver flash ripping open the water three lengths in the lead—was new to him. It spun round the last stake, standing almost erect on one corner and headed straight for the pier at Strayte-mere. Roger knew it was Ann. His heart nearly stopped as he saw her racing full speed, head on, for the landing. He would never have believed that Ann would do that! Her guests, too, alarmed, were running to the wharf, crying futile warnings.

Without slackening speed she dashed almost to the landing piers, cut the motors off and swung the boat in a wide, swishing arc in the nick of time to miss the abutment.

She idled in the waves a few yards out, laughing gayly at her frightened guests, waving a white, reassuring arm. She switched on the motors again, throttling them down, and brought up at the pier as Jerome leaped from his boat. He strode to Ann's, almost dragging her from it. Their voices floated across to Roger, Jerome's roundly scolding, Ann's gay and ringing, the guests' protesting.

A dull rage possessed him as he saw Jerome put his arm around Ann. They walked toward the cottage, Jerome's head bent close to hers to catch something she was saying. He saw Jerome squeeze her waistline familiarly as they disappeared into the interior.

Roger clenched his fists. What did Ann mean? Jerome, the worst, the most awful debauchee of them all. He was not fit company for a woman like Ann; not the Jerome who was squeezing her waist—a hot, passion-inflamed Jerome! He would like to punch his nose. The piece of tripe! He ought to know his place. He had no decent intentions, it wasn't in him. Why didn't he keep to his kind? Why didn't he stick to Tincie? Ruth was getting a divorce on her account. Now he was chasing Ann—lovely, chaste Ann, he thought unconsciously. Ann should know better!

It occurred to him that he was not exactly in a position to criticize Ann. Even so, it was a shame for her to throw herself away like that. He had thought he might stop in and say hello to her, but the heart to do that was gone. He drove back to the city in deep dejection and stopped at Maple Bluff to see Babs. When he was leaving she inquired wistfully when they should all be at home together again.

He murmured "soon" and went away with a sudden sorrow for them all—Babs, Ann, himself and Tiffany.

Jealousy began slowly weaving a web about Roger. If one had accused him of jealousy of Ann, he would have replied, "No, indeed! I had her once, why should I be jealous now?"

It was that very assurance to brace himself against his growing agitation over her when he saw Jerome leaving for the lake, that manifested his unconscious jealousy. He would think vindictively: Ann ought to get a squint at Tiffany; she'd open her eyes.

He would turn to his and Tiffany's problem again with the thought: "That's the deuce of it—keeping Tiffany in the dark." He became frantic in his desire to have Tiffany openly. Blast Dave Starr! Blast them all!... He'd like to show them all... He'd like to show Ann!

Tiffany had some bad hours with him. He was unreasonable. The fear grew in her that Roger would become rash. He rushed to her apartment now at reckless hours, throwing her into a panic. She devised another plan of meeting him, less dangerous for herself. She went to him at the home on Royal Forest Drive mornings she could evade Dave Starr's vigilant notice. There, unconstrained by the fear of his popping in on them, they spent the happiest hours of their relationship.

They were like two children let out of school. They rolled the tea cart into Ann's morning room and had tea of Tiffany's own brewing. They cuddled on the deep divan in Roger's study and wove dreams of the future, Tiffany smothering him under impulsive kisses, as the hopelessness of that future smote her; Roger, marveling at the wonder of her. Tiffany was not like other women. She possessed the vitality of ten women rolled into one, the spirit of a warrior, and the "passion to give" of Mother Nature, herself. She was a vital spring of Life.

He begged her to throw Dave over and come to him. Tiffany would withdraw into herself, miserable but silent. Roger would swear that she was driving him crazy, and she would come out of her shell and coax him back to patience.

In Midsummer an interruption in Dave Starr's life gave Roger hope that Tiffany would cease her seemingly endless quest and leave Starr.

Starr summoned him to his office.

"A Madame Dupre is in the outer office—Tiffany's modiste. She came in yesterday to talk about her kid; wants him to learn the banking business, would like to start him now, working during the Summer. I don't want to be bothered; was polite to her on Tiffany's account and told her to come back some other day. She did—today. Do something with her. We can't use kids here."

Roger went to the outer office where Madame Dupre, a pleasantly plump and pretty woman with black eyes and black curling hair waited. She greeted him in excellent, if somewhat broken English, introducing her son, Noel, who had risen at Roger's entrance and now bowed with military precision.

Madame Dupre gave Roger no chance to speak, but plunged volubly into the object of her visit, stressing with ludicrous exaggeration her desire to "efen 'ave the boy sweep floors eef necee-ssar-ee to get a start."

Roger stood politely helpless, trying ineffectually to put in a word. Noel, seeing, came to his rescue.

"Ma mere," he expostulated. "You are excited; the gentleman cannot understand."

Roger scrutinized the boy, momentarily, in surprised interest. His bearing—so poised; his English so exact, was uncommon for his age. He was large for the thirteen years Madame declared him, Roger thought, and handsomely built. He had clear, fair skin and blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and a healthy, wholesome look about his face. His hair, thick, chestnut brown full of golden glints waved slightly on top.

"What do you think of this proposition?" Roger asked him, curious as to his reaction.

"I would not care to sweep floors," he said with dignity. "I am president of the school bank of the fourth township, but if ma mere decides that I am to sweep floors"—he flung out a hand in an emphatic gesture—"it will be like the French lessons and the violin practice. I shall sweep floors. Ma mere," he added with a smile that disarmed the words of their sting, "should have been keeper of the Bastille."

Roger gulped with surprise and amusement, but Madame Dupre inquired severely, "Ees eet the way you should speak of your ma mere to the gentleman?"

"Pardon, ma mere," he said courteously, with a proper bow. "I was only trying to have a little joke."

Roger inspected the boy more closely. He was decidedly different from any boy he had ever known. He felt a sudden pity for the lad, wise beyond his years, so evidently held in check. But what a physique! What a great quarterback the kid would make!

"Ever play football?" he asked.

"And how!" he exclaimed delightedly, glowing with spontaneous enthusiasm, pounding his right fist in boyish exuberance into the palm of his left hand.

"And 'ow! What language ees that?" censored Madame Dupre, shaking her head in deprecation. "And the pounding of feests—such decorum! That football," she explained to Roger commiseratingly, "eet makes 'eem onceeveelized!"

A merry gleam of understanding flashed between Roger and the boy.

"But eet ees not of football we 'ave come to talk," said Madame Dupre, anxious to get back to the subject.

"I should be grateful, sir—for ma mere's sake, at least—" Noel said with a solemn half closing of his off lid at Roger—"if you could provide me with duties in this bank."

Roger almost rocked with laughter. The precise, amusing little vagabond. D. W. would get a kick out of that.

"Wait here," he instructed them.

He returned to Starr's office and recounted with great gusto the conversation and manner of the French lad. Starr caught the spirit. He grinned widely and winked at Roger. "Let's have a look at him."

If Noel Dupre had been primed for the occasion, he could not have carried it off better; and Madame Dupre, playing up to her son's lead, gave Dave Starr an original half hour.

"Find the kid something to do," Starr chuckled to Roger as they were making their adieus. "He may teach some of them around here the English language if he does nothing more."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Noel Dupre.

AFTERWARDS, when Roger was explaining the duties of an errand boy to Noel, he interrupted, "It makes me a laughing stock, does it not?"

"What?" Roger asked, knowing quite well what he meant.

"This manner in which I speak. I did not mind so much at school—to tell truth I have been at public school only three years and I find them very funny. I thought the boys did not know better, but when men laugh at me—that is different."

"Don't mind that, Noel," Roger told him, his heart flooding with sympathy for this unusual lad; he was so manly and courageous—and this was a serious matter to him. "They are not really laughing at you. The men like you. It is only because you are so young, your speech gives you a Continental air." Roger did not expect him to get that, but he answered quickly.

"That is easily explained. I

(Continued on Page 16)

Here's That New Way of Removing Arm and Leg Hair

That Ends Unfeminine Razor Stubble

Not only is slightest sign of bristly re-growth banished, but also harsh razor stubble

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Absolutely Ends Bristles Razor Leaves

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Buy Palmolive—use it in generous quantities. It is now selling at the lowest price in history—a price which makes it the ideal soap for bath as well as face.

The vial at the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake

This is the treatment

Massage a thick, rich lather of Palmolive Soap and luke warm water into the skin of face, neck, and throat. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, followed by cold. Follow that treatment twice a day to retain natural loveliness — to keep the skin of youth.

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The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 14)

... Don't you think it is about time you told me the purpose of ...

... He seemed ... eyelids lazily low- ... did not quite conceal the ... eyes as he ... He reminded Bart- ... of a ... loveable housecat ... to pounce on a mouse. He ...

"Mal Jannings was murdered ... ago."

The girl's ... hand rose to her throat. "Murdered! Mal Jannings murdered!"

"Yes, Miss Michaels."

She sat down unhurriedly, gracefully. The rise and fall of her breast was faster. Her voice was not so loud.

"Who—would murder—Mal?" she asked slowly.

She was acting, Bartlett told himself. Playing a part and doing a good job of it. A professional couldn't have done it better. Something of the same thought must have been in Kyne's mind, for he did not answer her question. He waited, with watchful eyes, and puffed his cigarette. Oh, Kyne was smart. Let the other fellow do the talking!

"I asked you," she said, "who killed him?"

"That," said Kyne, "is something I'd like to know."

"You've no—no clues?" Ann Michaels asked.

"None."

Her eyes, so far, had never wavered from Kyne's. Now, however, she looked down at the cigarette that smoldered between her fingers. And, as though surprised at seeing it there, she stood up and crushed it out in a tray on the table.

"It's horrible! Horrible!"

"Friend of yours, was he?" Kyne was so casual.

"Yes." And then, more coolly: "I knew Mal, though he was in no sense a close friend."

"Been out to dances and things with him, haven't you?"

"Once or twice, yes."

"Ever jealous of him?"

"Jealous? Of Mal Jannings?"

"That was my question, Miss Michaels," Kyne answered sharply.

Kyne's Face Was Dark and His Voice Did Not Belie His Looks. "What were you doing up there, Bill?" He Demanded.

Her smile was unfriendly. "Please, Captain Kyne. I'm afraid you're making a mistake in our relations. Mal Jannings meant no more to me than a dozen other college men of my acquaintance."

"You're sure of that, Miss Michaels?"

"Quite sure, captain."

"Well, well." Kyne's small eyes were piercing. "Tell me this. When did you first learn Jannings had been killed?"

Ann Michaels frowned impatiently. "I wish you would tell me what you are driving at, captain."

"You didn't answer my question."

"When did I learn Mal was dead? Didn't you just tell me so yourself?"

"I said," Kyne retorted, "when did you first learn he had been killed?"

"When you told me a moment ago."

"Huh! Took it pretty cool, didn't you?"

She smiled gently and aloofly. "Did you expect me to go into hysterics?"

Kyne grunted again.

"I told you, Captain Kyne, that Mal and I were little more than acquaintances."

Kyne glared at her as he took a final puff of his cigarette and tossed it into the fire. "Cool one, aren't you?"

Ann Michaels ignored his thrust.

He said, more mildly: "Where were you this evening, Miss Michaels? Particularly, where were you at 9 o'clock and during the following half hour or so?"

She answered in a clear voice: "I had an 8 o'clock seminar in English tonight in Baltic Hall. I left the classroom at perhaps two minutes after nine. I happened to meet Dr. Hawley—"

"Dr. C. Edson Hawley?" Kyne broke in.

"Yes. I have a class in chemistry with him."

"Yes, yes." The captain looked pleased.

Her eyes narrowed and she frowned at Kyne. "Is there anything wrong with my being in one of Dr. Hawley's classes, or in my chancing to meet him?"

"No, nothing wrong." Again that pleased smile twisted Kyne's thin lips. "But it's very interesting. Please go on."

"Dr. Hawley walked out through the west gate with me. His car happened to be parked there and he drove me home."

"What time was all this?"

Ann Michaels sighed. "I told you I left the classroom at approximately two minutes after nine. I talked in the hall for a moment with one of the girls and it was perhaps four minutes after nine when I came out of Baltic Hall. It is only a short walk from there to the west gate and—"

"You got into Hawley's car,

(Continued on Page 17)

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 15)

perhaps am a little Continental, ma mere takes me to Europe every year. We go everywhere and she makes me learn. Already I speak Italian as fluently as French. When we are about to go to a new place she makes me read all the historical and social ... then I must explain to her as we go over the ground, though we know much better than I all these things, as I very well find out ... I make a misstatement."

"Surely you get some slang at school?"

"Get it! But of course." He rolled his eyes expressively at Roger. "And I get something else at home if I so much as make a slip. Ma mere is a fiend for driving one. She says when I have mastered the languages perfectly I may use slang, not before. You should know her. She has eyes in the back of her head and ears in her fingers. Sometimes I accuse her of sticking her hand out the window to listen for my voice."

"She keeps you pretty close, doesn't she?"

"That she does. I am only allowed to play in two yards beside my own—one on each side of our house. If it were not for the riding academy and Francois, my tutor of fencing, boxing, riding and the whatnots, I wonder sometimes what I should do."

"Don't you get tired of it?"

"Tired," he sighed. "Last year in Italy I had the temptation to sneak away to the Italian Alps and become a shepherd boy. But then I remembered ma mere wished to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau and she would have been too grieved to enjoy it had I gone away. Ma mere has a great affection for me and imagines someday I shall fill an important position. She is schooling me for it, she tells me so frankly."

"Like a prince for his father's throne," Roger said whimsically.

Noel smiled as one who has found a friend who understands. "So she imagines."

Roger repeated the conversation to Starr who, too, took delight in odd moments in conversing with the lad. His military carriage took Dave Starr's eye.

"Blamed if he doesn't look like a little prince," he said. "Don't you like his military bearing?"

"Yes. Francois, his private instructor in the whatnots"—Roger quoted Noel's term—"was a professor in a French Academy before the war." After a bit he inquired, "How does a model get like that?"

"That's what I asked Tiffany. She says Madame Dupre is a designer for her own shop in New York, but she does not wish to raise the boy in the city, so she lives here and does business by long distance. She gives Tiffany fittings because Tiffany's figure inspires original creations. Tiffany is pretty nice to the kid, too, I think."

Noel Dupre was not a child to be passed casually anywhere. He was full of originality and exuberant good spirits that made him a favorite at the bank. Both Starr and Roger took pride in the lad they had come to regard as their joint protegee. One afternoon he wheeled into Dave Starr's office with his customary salute to take a package for registered mail.

Starr, who was in conference with Roger, paused and gave Noel the package, saying in French, "With despatch, my boy."

Noel's eyes flashed delightedly; he clicked his heels, snapped to salute and said, "Bon, mon pere."

He would have been on his way but Starr, electrified, demanded, "Why do you address me like that?"

"Because, sir," he answered frankly, "I have no father and I have often wondered how it would sound to say, 'Good, Father,' to a man."

Starr seemed oddly disturbed. He inquired—a little heavily, Roger thought: "Why pick on me?"

The boy came back with whiplike quickness. 'Surely, I could not say, Bon, mon pere,' to some one like Francois—a mere fencing master. But you"—his face wreathed with satisfied smiles—"yes, you remind me of my great countryman, Napoleon Bonaparte."

The kid is clever, thought Roger. If he had deliberately set about to work himself into Dave Starr's favor, he could not have chosen a more direct route.

"Let me feel your muscle," Dave said, business forgotten.

Noel came close and proudly knotted his upperarm. "Fine, eh?" he inquired as Dave pressed his arm. Then he sniffed. "For one who pores over French and Italian lessons and twiddles a fiddle bow by the hour?"

Starr fixed curious eyes on the boy. "Don't you like that?"

"Like it—yes; but not so much of it. I like better the boxing and the riding, but best of all football and the races at school."

"I'd like to give you a real holiday," Starr declared, "away from all this fine manners and gentlemanly training."

"A holiday! Without ma mere once! Where I might swear roundly if I liked," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"At Juniper Lodge," Starr said decisively.

"And what is that—Juniper Lodge?"

Roger left Dave explaining the delights of grouse shooting and rabbit hunting at the Lodge, to Noel. The kid—of all things to happen—was getting a real hold on D. W. He wondered what Tiffany would have to say to that.

Roger prepared for two days with Tiffany the week-end Starr took Noel to the Lodge. He was astonished when Tiffany told him that it would be impossible for them to be together. When he recovered he gently tried to persuade her differently. Failing to move her he reacted like a spoiled child, first pleading, then insisting and finally storming. When Tiffany begged him to be reasonable, saying that she was as sorry as he over it, he snapped in a ferment of jealous rage, "the deuce with that!" and slammed the receiver on the hook.

So Tiffany was making a fool of him, he raged. Had been all along. Tiffany did not love him; she was only playing with him. Sticking at home alone, grieving because Dave Starr was interested in a kid. To blazes with her! He hoped Dave Starr would stay interested in the kid.

He marched with self-consciously jaunty steps to the club and got tight. Some one asked about Ann. He answered, "Blame Ann!" and added to his half empty glass. "Blame all women!" Nevertheless, he wandered out to his car and drove to Bulrush Lake. Ann's house was dark when he got there, so he turned in at the Yacht Club.

The next morning he saw Ann swimming around the abutment at Strayte-mere. He donned a bathing suit and headed for her pier. She was too surprised to put on her customary mask of indifference. She said, "Hello, where did you drop from?" almost eagerly.

"Stayed at the Yacht Club last night," Roger answered. "We can be friends for half an hour, can't we?" he added hastily as she started to swim away.

There was no sane reason why Ann, cutting through the water at his side, her face turned toward him, cooly unmoved by his nearness, could make him feel so alone—but it did. She was adorable in her new independence. He wished he could tell her so, but he feared a tongue that had grown sharp, and jarringly candid since he had seen her last.

She left him all too soon, to join guests who had congregated for a late breakfast. He hinted wistfully to be included, but she shook her head.

"You'd cramp my style," she informed him, merrily waving a farewell.

Full of morose resentment at fate in general, he swam back to the club. Unable to bear the sounds of hilarious gaiety that wafted to him from Strayte-mere, where he was so clearly unwanted and unmissed, he drove back to the city, unexplainably dissatisfied with himself.

Starr was back Monday morning bubbling with new vigor and enthusiastic over Noel Dupre. The kid was crackerjack company; an excellent shot, spoke the horse's own language; his swearing was comical—like a parrot in training. He had allowed him to call him mon pere while there—"and did he get a kick out of that!"

Old fool! Roger ached to say; pamper your vanity, and you're sold.

"Have to find something better than messenger duty for him. His intelligence warrants it," Starr said. Then: "I suppose his mother couldn't be induced to part with him?"

"Good heaven! D. W., what are you thinking of?" Roger ejaculated.

"I'm thinking," Starr said complacently, "that there is one kid I'd like to adopt."

Roger was astounded. He thought of Tiffany; his features hardened.

"Well, why don't you?" he asked.

"I think I will."

To see Roger's expression, "D. W." picked around about adopting a boy, like a setting hen scratching for a worm." He appeared to be full of indecision. He asked Roger, times innumerable, "What do you really think of my adopting a kid?" The answer: "Why don't you?" invariably disappointed him. He wanted Roger to argue against it; his defense put into words, he felt, would strengthen his purpose. His desire was strong enough. But Roger, not knowing that, encouraged him directly. He wished to heaven now that D. W. would adopt the boy. Tiffany had been under a strange cloud since D. W. had evinced his interest in Noel.

Starr found his opposition. Mabel drew her lips into their harsh, unattractive lines and asked if he were getting childish. . . Adopt a child at their age! The very idea! She should say not!

On the surface, he accepted her verdict. The boy would have to live in the house with Mabel; he wanted her approval voluntarily if he could get it. If not, there were ways to handle Mabel if it came to a pinch. She set him in action.

He cautiously broached the subject to Madame Dupre. She collapsed in a Marie Antoinette chair in her very French home and threw up her plump, expressive hands in horror, waxing voluble in vigorous denial. She broke off unexpectedly in a deluge of tears.

Starr tried to pacify her, murmuring that he had better go now, and come another day, which only loosed more of Madame's tears and violent negative shakings of her head.

"The time 'ave arrive, the awful time 'ave arrive," she sobbed. "You 'ave break my 'eart, you 'ave break my 'eart—"

Starr was puzzled, but Madame did not leave him long in suspense. Between wild bursts of weeping, she confessed that Noel was not her son, but the child of a "luffly" war nurse whom she 'ave aided in Paris and to whom she 'ave sworn unselfish denial for 'is good.

"'Ow can I keep my promeese," she asked pitifully, "and yet dee-ny what you ask, Meester Starr? You can do so much good by 'eem. But to part weeth 'eem, I cannot bear," she sobbed. And her grief was real.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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SCIENTIST tells Screen Stars WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping skin YOUTHFUL

"LUX Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements skin itself has and must have to stay youthful," *Scientist says!*

Small wonder that this soap is used by 9 out of 10 screen stars —has been for years—to keep skin young looking!

In this photograph, taken in Hollywood: At the extreme right Sally Eilers, popular little Fox star. Next to her, lovely Lola Lane; next the fascinating Leila Hyams; and on the extreme left charming Minna Gombell.

FOR YEARS hundreds of Hollywood actresses have known WHAT Lux Toilet Soap does. That's why 686 out of 694 of the important movie actresses use this beauty soap regularly: It keeps their skin so soft . . . smooth . . . *young looking!*

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Now scientists tell *why* it does these things. Contained in this soap — they explain — are certain precious elements that skin *itself* has—and *must have* to stay young!

You're born with certain precious elements in your skin. Nature, herself, puts them there—in abundance, when skin is young. But little by little as the years go by, these precious elements are depleted . . . a gradual loss occurs. Almost imperceptibly, day by day, skin ages, loses its fresh smoothness . . . becomes rough . . . dry . . . old looking!

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

Don't turn, discouraged, from your mirror and say, "I suppose it can't be helped!" For science now gives you this news: You can *check the loss* of those precious elements!

Scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap . . . gentle, completely free from harshness, quickly soluble, and *containing precious elements skin itself has* . . . is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young looking . . . soft and smooth.

No wonder so many famous screen stars have found from years of personal experience that Lux Toilet Soap is so marvelous for their skin. No wonder it is the *official* soap in all big film studios!

A Younger Looking, Lovelier YOU

SCIENCE tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin *must have* to look young. These elements are found in the skin itself—an abundance in fresh, youthful skin, less in skin that is growing old, unlovely.

HOLLYWOOD has proved through years of daily use this soap actually keeps every type of skin younger looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Prove to yourself how exquisitely soft, smooth and *young* this lovely soap will keep *your* skin: Start using Lux Toilet Soap today.

"It certainly does keep the skin young looking," says Elizabeth Love, Lakeland, Florida

"I've been using Lux Toilet Soap for ever so long. From the very first I discovered that what the Hollywood stars say about this fine soap is true. It certainly does keep the skin young looking. And not only that, but it seemed to me in no time at all my skin became much clearer and softer. I certainly wouldn't use any other soap for my skin!"

For EVERY Type of Skin
...oily...dry...“in-between”

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The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 16)

then, about six or seven minutes after nine."

"Yes."

"You drove straight home?"

"Yes. It took us, I suppose, about ten minutes. Anyway, the clock there on the table said twenty minutes after nine when I came into my apartment."

Kyne looked at the clock on the table. Bartlett followed his eyes and felt suddenly as though some one had struck him on the point of the jaw. A smart gray purse lay on the table beside the little ivory clock. Bartlett knew that purse. He had last seen it tucked under Lillian Voyne's arm when he had talked to her in front of the Campanile.

And it struck him then, with indubitable force, that he and Kyne and Ann Michaels were not alone in that apartment. In some other room, probably listening to each word, was Lillian Voyne.

"Ten forty-two," Kyne was saying. He put his watch back in his pocket. "Your clock keeps good time. Did Doctor Hawley come up to your apartment with you?"

"Certainly not!" Ann Michaels cried indignantly.

"How long did you talk to him out in front?"

"I merely thanked him for driving me home and came upstairs."

"Yes, yes." Kyne took out a cigar and chewed off the end, spitting it in the general direction of the fireplace. "Anything you'd like to tell me about this affair?"

Ann Michaels shook her cool, poised head. "I know nothing whatever about it. Nothing."

Kyne struck a match to his cigar and rose. "You understand, Miss Michaels, if you know anything, now is the time to spill it."

"I tell you, captain, I know nothing."

"Okay." He turned with a shrug. "Come on, Bill."

As Bartlett rose, he dropped his hat into the shadow beside his chair. He followed Kyne out into the corridor and heard the door closed quietly behind them.

"You're the man I want to see," Kyne Snapped. "Come on in. The rest of you fellows stay out."

Kyne growled, as they walked down the stairs: "Don't tell me she doesn't know anything. She was too cool, too blamed cool. And living here in a swell apartment. How do you figure that?"

"Perhaps she has money," Bartlett replied. "There's no law against it, you know."

"And meeting Doc Hawley," Kyne whistled. "Boy, how I'd like to get something on that bird."

Bartlett was forced to grin. "Wouldn't you! Wouldn't you like to slit that baby's throat and watch the blood run down his chest! Oh, boy!"

"Listen, guy!" Kyne rasped. "Hasn't he cut my throat enough times? Look at that Wilder case. Didn't I mighty near lose my job over that? Didn't the Police Commissioner hop all over me and—"

"Wait a minute, skipper!" Bartlett halted in the entrance. "Darned if I didn't leave my hat up in that girl's apartment. Wait for me in the car, will you?"

Kyne looked around at him. There was the faintest trace of suspicion in the captain's eyes as he watched Bartlett bounding up the stairs. He made as though to follow him and then, evidently changing his mind, turned and walked out of the door.

Bartlett reached the door of Apartment 14 and stood for a moment listening. He heard a woman speaking but could not be sure whether the sound came from Ann Michael's apartment or the one next door. Finally he rapped briskly.

The woman's voice broke off. There were footsteps, hurried; then a silence of perhaps thirty seconds before Ann Michaels opened the door.

"Sorry to bother you again, Miss Michaels. I think I left my hat."

She turned away, half closing the door. "I'll get it for you."

Bartlett pushed open the door and started down the short hallway behind her. She turned. Her face now was pale. She looked very queenly and very indignant.

"I said," she stated, "that I would get your hat."

He took a step toward her, said quickly: "I'll get it myself."

She barred the way, saying: "Am I to understand that you are forcing your way into my apartment?"

"Call it that if you want to," he retorted. "I'll get my own hat."

"No!" She gave not an inch.

He took her arm and tried gently to push her aside. Her hand was a white flash in the dimly lighted hallway. The palm struck him straight across the mouth.

He stepped back, more surprised than hurt. "See here, Miss Michaels, I don't want to have to get rough. But just the same—"

"Get out of my apartment!"

He raised one elbow to protect his face and shouldered past her into the living room. He surveyed it quickly. A door at the right, which had formerly been closed, was now ajar. He crossed the floor and went into Ann Michaels' bedroom.

Lillian Voyne was sitting on the edge of the bed.

Bartlett's lips formed a twisted smile. "Didn't take you long to get here, did it?" he remarked.

She met his eyes squarely. "I wish, Bill, that you would mind your own business!"

"Perhaps this is my business."

"Dragging me into this mess?"

"You're already in it, Lillian."

Her eyes flashed. "That's a lie, Bill."

"All right, call it a lie. I want to see you later. Where'll it be? The Homestead?"

Her eyes lowered. She took a deep breath. "All right."

"Oke. The Homestead in an hour. So long."

He walked out into the living room, picked up his hat and went out without giving Ann Michaels a glance.

Cigar smoke was billowing from the front seat of the police car as Bartlett walked out of the apartment house. The captain's cigar was drawing like a blast furnace. Kyne's face was dark and his voice did not belie his looks.

"What were you doing up there?" he demanded.

"Huh? What do you think I was doing? Dating up Ann Michaels for the Junior Prom?"

"Never mind trying to be funny. I asked you what you were doing up there."

"I told you I forgot my hat. I went back to get it."

Bill climbed in beside the fuming captain.

"Well," Kyne growled, disgruntled, "you certainly took

(Continued on Page 18)

Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

She's pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet she sits out alone. Why?

Simply because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

What a pity it is! And so needless, when a light fingertipful of Mum smoothed under each arm gives protection for the whole day or evening!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. It's perfectly harmless to clothing, and soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Don't cut yourself off from popularity. Use Mum daily. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Dying—Probably the Richest, Certainly the Most Mysterious Man in Europe

(Continued from Double Page)

changer, but later he became a fireman. Then he moved to Galata, a better quarter of the city, and became the right-hand man of Mr. Sacassopoulos, a wine merchant.

One day the old man refused to give his assistant the percentage which he had agreed upon. Basil took from the cash box the exact money due him. With this he departed for London to make his fortune. But the old man brought the matter before the police and a warrant for Basil's arrest was sent to the London police. He was put on trial, but was able to convince the authorities in London that the money was owed him, and so he was discharged.

However, the trial had given him some undesirable publicity and he found it hard to get work. He returned to Greece and might have had a hard time but for the patronage of Stefan Skuludis, the man of the hour in Greek politics. Skuludis was a good friend to him and gave him his start in business, but nobody is sure what that business was.

They say his mother was a Levantine and his father Russian, but apparently his sympathies have always been Greek. It is said that for twenty years of his life the future financier was a rug peddler in the East, an occupation followed by many Greeks. Unfriendly commentators have even said he sold his carpets and suspenders all over Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Armenia and the Near East with a red fez on his head. When he was about thirty-five he went to London in the course of the rug and carpet business.

One of the picturesque legends concerning Sir Basil is that when he was a poor boy selling his wares in Constantinople, he had the misfortune to annoy the Sultan's Grand Vizier by stopping in front of the palace door just as the functionary's favorite wife was being conveyed to her carriage.

"Take this fellow to the lockup and give him twenty strokes with the bastinado on the soles of his feet," said the Grand Vizier, according to legend. From that time it is said the iron-willed Sir Basil never rested until he had helped to destroy the Sultan and the Grand Vizier and the whole iniquitous system they represented.

Another picturesque story about him is that shortly after he had entered the munitions business his firm in England got a rather belated tip that two South American republics were about to go to war. Zaharoff hurried to the scene on the first steamer, but by the time he arrived hostilities had started. Seeing that both were poorly armed and financed, the thing would be a rather inexpensive and ineffectual affair. So it is said Zaharoff visited first one capital and then the other, persuading each that it was not ready, which was true, and that the other was in better shape, which was untrue. He offered his good offices in arranging a truce.

Both sides thanked him, agreed, raised money, bought arms from his concern and then, six months later, were in a position to shoot each other up in a grand manner worthy of Zaharoff's trouble and to the great profit of his concern.

After it was known that Sir Basil had definitely taken sides with the Allies in the World War, the Germans became anxious to catch him and he had several narrow escapes from death or capture. Usually he traveled in a British or French cruiser with an escort of destroyers. But once in 1915 the exigencies of war required him to pass through the Mediterranean on an ordinary liner. A German submarine overhauled this liner and the captain came on board. He was looking for one man only, and went straight to Zaharoff's cabin. There he found a pale, trembling individual wearing whiskers of the well-known Zaharoff pattern, hiding beneath the bunk, and dragged him off.

Two hours later Sir Basil was smoking his eternal cigar calmly on the boat deck, when the captain of the liner met him and expressed astonishment.

"Ah, Captain," said Sir Basil, "that secretary of mine is a most useful fellow."

A few years ago the world was startled to learn that Sir Basil had acquired control in the organization which owns the gambling Casino at Monte Carlo. He took advantage of the period during the war, when things were not going well in the little principality, to acquire a great deal of the stock of the company that runs the gaming tables. He also acquired most of the desirable real estate in Monte Carlo. For a time, when war profiteers were spending their money recklessly, his investment in the Casino was extremely profitable.

It is true that the depression has now hit the Casino badly, but Sir Basil does not care about gambling, and his investment will eventually be profitable even if the gaming tables are abolished. But who will inherit them? That again is another mystery in the life of the Man of Mystery.

Largely due to Sir Basil's pulling of diplomatic strings his beloved Greece came out of the war a small winner at almost no cost at all. But this was not enough, for Zaharoff had a dream to revive the ancient glories of that little country. Therefore in an evil hour he induced it to fight Turkey when that country seemed an easy prey. He arranged that the Greeks should have the necessary arms and money but did not supply them with the brains by which their ancestors had thrashed the Persian hordes.

Ambushed and routed, Greece ended the war in disaster. For once Zaharoff had bet on the wrong horse, his patriotic dream was wrecked like his romance. With a sigh he turned around and got his money back selling supplies to Turkey in its rehabilitation campaign.

Zaharoff did not confine himself to selling guns and ammunition. In order to get these things to the front in wholesale quantities there was need of many other things. Foreseeing these demands, he made profits in oil wells, gasoline, wheat, ships, trucks, airplanes and even railroads. Nobody knows how many things he went into and his will should make interesting reading. Again the mystery of where his millions will go.

In spite of his advanced age, he was a remarkably vigorous erect man until the death of his wife. He dressed quite roughly and wore a conical felt hat. His eyes were blue-gray, deep-set and piercing, his hair white and his close-cropped Van Dyck beard and mustache an iron gray, his nose aquiline and his expression aggressive. In his buttonhole he always wore a red carnation. Little was known about his hobbies and amusements. He invented a dish called "Bananes Zaharoff," which some French people called "Bananes a la Mystere."

He used to send out hundreds of emissaries all over the world in search of choice and rare culinary recipes. On many occasions airplanes would bring strange sea-food from distant quarters of the earth to be prepared in London in the morning and to be eaten by him at noon in his Paris mansion.

But this great millionaire, who loved good food so well, had in recent months been compelled to live on light broth.

He was much interested in flying and established chairs of aviation at the University of Paris and at Petrograd before the revolution. He endowed the Marshal Foch Professorship of French Literature at Oxford, and the Field Marshal Haig Professorship of English Literature at the University of Paris.

One of his most marked characteristics was his great fondness for animals. Monkeys appealed to him more than men. A few years ago he took a walk through the Zoological Garden at Paris. The animals there were still suffering from the effects of government economies. Concrete walls and floors were cracking, cages were unheated, rations were scanty and even poor old Whisky, the lion mascot of the Lafayette Escadrille, was suffering severely from rheumatism.

But the animals which seemed to feel their privations most acutely were the monkeys. Standing in front of the monkey cage, Sir Basil took an attendant severely to task for what seemed to him neglect. The attendant replied that this matter would have to be discussed with the director.

"Well, call him," commanded Sir Basil.

Then he learned that the bad conditions at the Garden were the result of an insufficient appropriation. He asked what the cost of repairing them would be. Professor Mangin, the director, was convinced that the man was a crank and replied curtly that the cost would be half a million dollars. Thereupon Sir Basil took out his pocket check-book and wrote a check for the amount.

Professor Mangin couldn't read the signature on the check and he felt sure that he had been the victim of a practical joker. So he thrust the check into his desk, swore softly at the crank who had wasted his time, and forgot it. It was not until some months later that he found the check in straightening out a drawer, and he sent it to the Ministry of Public Instruction as a matter of routine. Then he found he was mistaken in thinking the check was no good.

Exact-minded man that he is, or was at that time, Sir Basil probably could have estimated how many human lives had to be ended by the millions of bullets that had to be fired for him to make the half-million-dollar profit which was to give comfort to the monkeys.

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AS DODGE SALES DOUBLE IN EIGHT DRAMATIC WEEKS

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That is just what Dodge has done—it has shown increases of 50% to 300% in city after city—proof that Dodge is offering more for the money.

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And Dodge doesn't ask you to take anybody's word for its value and performance. Dodge wants to give you a "Show-Down"—an out-and-out comparison of the big new Dodge Six with competitive cars.

The "Show-Down" plan lets you be the judge of what this new Dodge can do. The "Show-Down" score card, which any dealer will be glad to give you, puts the comparison in black-and-white.

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Go to the nearest Dodge showroom and ask about this amazing new way to buy automobiles. It takes all the gamble and guess work out of car buying.

You won't be asked to buy. You won't be subjected to any high-pressure sales talk. The new Dodge is good enough to sell itself to you!

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You'll see 12 features of performance that show you what this Dodge can do on the highway . . . in traffic . . . wherever driving is toughest. Wherever a car needs to show its stuff in responsiveness and stamina.

Get the Facts Today!

Hurry and ask your Dodge dealer all about the "Show-Down" plan. Get the score card and take it home—you'll enjoy this fascinating new game of scoring automobiles. Then make up your mind to choose your next car—not on sales talk—but on what *you* know to be the facts about performance and value!

GET THIS "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD FREE

Your dealer will be glad to give you a copy of this score card. Take it home with you . . . see in *black and white* the startling comparison between Dodge and competitive cars! Just ask for it—it's free! No obligation whatever.

DODGE "6" $595 AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

115-INCH WHEELBASE

Dodge Eight $1115 to $1395 f. o. b. factory, Detroit

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Safe and Sane Reducing for the Housewife

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IF NOBODY loves a fat man, who is there who looks with affection upon the overweight woman? Excess poundage which may not have been so noticeable in colder weather, seems to increase with startling visibility when the mercury runs a temperature—while there can be no concealment in this year's model bathing or swim suit!

Summertime is the ideal period for a regulated weight reduction plan because higher temperatures induce free perspiration, there are more outdoor sports and ways to take exercise in pleasant forms, and last, but not least, the so needed supply of green vegetables and fruits are at their most abundant and cheapest.

What follows is in the nature of a personal testimony, revealed solely because I feel there are many readers who may be interested in my experience. When last October 1932 I began a regulated plan of diet and exercise, I did so not so much for vanity as because I had become somewhat of a medical and insurance "risk." I was perfectly well, but tipping the scales, as I did, around 178 pounds, made me a perfect 42, and I was becoming, so my children said, "upholstered," in spite of my height and general proportions.

It is estimated that any woman who weighs more than 10 per cent above the ideal weight for her age and her type, is getting into the "danger zone." Fat people, especially around the meridian of life, are far more susceptible to special diseases. The soft fatty cells settling comfortably around the heart or the diaphragm by just that much lower resistance and shorten life.

But before detailing my own experience, let me caution at the outset that there are some types of excess weight which have their origins in disturbances or deficiencies of glandular nature, and that neither diet nor exercise can always, if ever, modify such hereditary or basic conditions. Second, let me warn firmly that too-rapid methods of weight reduction are likely to be dangerous and accompanied by increase in wrinkles and unfortunate "sags" of facial contour; last, that any balancing program should be undertaken under the supervision of an able physician. Need I further utter the caution that drugs and pills are often dangerous and may menace health even if they do slough off loose tissue?

Perhaps being a food expert and a good hand with the cooking spoon would naturally tend to make one a hearty eater without consciousness that the daily intake was too large for age, fairly sedentary occupation, etc. Writing about, testing, and tasting foods may make weight addition automatic!

However, I do not believe that I would have consented to the plan I finally followed for these past eight months had it not been that I came across this sentence in a life insurance booklet: "The woman who is 20 or 25 pounds over-weight is constantly carrying about with her wherever she goes, the weight of a lusty year-old child." Think that over, dear sisters of the mature figure! Was that why when I entered a shop to look at an intriguing and bargain dress the imperious saleswoman said: "But of course not in your size, Madam!" before I even had time to speak my approval?

I followed nothing very reactionary. I accustomed myself to what may be called a "fat-free" diet. This consists every main meal, even Sunday, of some protein accompanied by a plenteous amount of cooked green vegetables, and all kinds of raw green salad plants. The proteins which gave me strength were these, used in rotation: lamb chop, mild cheese, scrambled or boiled eggs, canned salmon, with an occasional chicken or fish tidbit. No gravies, no sauces, and above all no floury foods.

The second feature of my diet was that no protein food was ever combined with a starchy food. This idea, for which I hold no special brief, simply forces the eater to go heavily on vegetables and fruits when the ordinary potatoes or bread or other starchy foods are omitted. In between meals and late at night I could have fruit juices, chiefly of a citrus or tomato nature. All soups were ruled out, and the only potato allowed was a small one baked in the skin.

I really had all I could eat, although I am frank to say that even now my stomach muscles rumble and put up a claim that they need satisfying. Water or juice or a couple of celery stalks however, will make them behave! Cucumbers, lettuce, tomatoes, and all kinds of sub-acid fruits were daily fare. Right now I can hardly face a head of lettuce or cabbage, although I am very fond of both!

Yes, it takes a bit of will-power; but what true achievement does not? One way I solved my emotions in the matter, was to prepare a tray-meal for myself, no matter what others at the table might be eating. At first this was thought childish and I was teased about it, but in my case it helped greatly. I arranged, or had placed on a large tray, exactly those foods I could eat, and this dainty tray was set before me for each meal. It became automatic to me to carve for others—roast and fowl, pour rich gravy, or smell steaming soup while never serving myself. I made myself consider only my "tray" and gradually what others were eating seemed something in the background and not even in my own consciousness.

Added to diet, I later took up housework as an exercise or indoor sport; that is, while I always do considerable, I now tried to do more of it, and also do each task in a more energetic way. For example, I may have turned the mattress twice-monthly in former times, now I turn each one weekly. If I had to do a task like sweeping, I tried to work so swiftly that I would perspire. Where I had previously asked one of the children to run up or down stairs for some forgotten article, I now did it myself. I made a number of time-studies and tried to beat my own record—in short, put the time and sport element into the routine tasks of daily housekeeping care.

When Spring arrived I got into the garden, and made weeding and planting a genuine exercise of stooping and bending. I walked more and rode less in the auto. I made a practice of standing instead of the previous sitting over long periods. I believe there is more sound exercise and genuine enjoyment in doing tasks or chores you like, than in formal "drills" or "setting up." Interest is the angle which makes anything a sport, and hence a joy, and not mere barren exercise.

That is why I am writing this now, when Summer has just turned its edge to face us; swimming and walking, paddling, spading and weeding, cleaning rooms, mopping floors—all these are genuine reducing exercises of the safest and sanest sort. Mention of floors makes me recall what a famed Scandinavian masseuse once said to me. When I had admired her well proportioned figure for a woman of her age, she said: "Don't laugh, I actually scrub floors to keep in trim. I get a brush and, in my bathing suit, I do as many floors as I can, especially the bath and kitchen, then, when I am freely perspiring, I take a shower and a rub, and rest half an hour. Just try it!"

As I write I am being brought one of my tray meals, a few cooked shrimp as a substitute for salmon, about half a head of green-leaved lettuce, half a cucumber, and a melon, with a pineapple drink on the side. With this array I do not miss butter or bread or mashed potato—and gravies seem boring now! Tonight it may be a cold hard egg and some more of the same vegetables. But I am almost reduced to a "perfect 36" balanced figure, and I am no longer that middle-aged "risk" of eight months ago.

So I close by suggesting a sane and safe reducing program for the housekeeper this Summer; do not try to lose rapidly, do not try anything spectacular — but simplify menus and gain body balance through the increased use of Summer vegetables and fruits. You can reduce with pleasure—and safety—and I may say that the first couple of weeks are the hardest. Don't give up hope, either, for in my case it was some four months before any loss was apparent. Then, quite suddenly, I seemed to emerge slimmer and sprier, alert and full of enthusiasm. I had left behind that "lusty year-old child"—never, I trust, to carry him again!

The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 17)

your time about it." He started his motor, raced it for a moment; then, with his foot raised from the accelerator, he turned to Bartlett. His eyes were bleak as he said: "See here, you're not trying to slip a fast one over on me, are you?"

Bartlett was all innocence. "What are you driving at? Are you trying to kid me?"

"I never kidded anybody in my life. And I'm not kidding you now when I tell you—" He broke off and spat a small piece of his cigar over the door of the car. "Well, I'm just warning you to go easy. That's all. Just go easy"

Kyne slipped the car into gear.

"Wish I knew what you are driving at," Bartlett muttered aggrievedly.

Kyne did not reply and Bartlett made no further attempt to pursue the conversation. Better to let sleeping dogs lie. If Kyne ever found out he was holding out on him there'd be plenty to pay. Plenty!

"Where now?" the reporter asked.

"We'll pick up Lorrimer."

They collected the sergeant at the Chi Sigma house and Kyne turned his car toward the campus.

Bartlett smiled to himself. He didn't have to inquire as to their next stop. He knew Kyne, and he knew that worthy would never pass up an opportunity to put a few pointed questions to Dr. C. Edson Hawley.

The Filipino boy who answered their ring at the Faculty Club said yes, Dr. Hawley was in. Would the gentlemen please to come in and sit down?

They followed him into a large, beamed room, cheery with massive, rustic furniture; a bright blaze was burning in the big fireplace. There was only one other person in the room, an elderly man who was writing at a desk in a far corner. He did not look up as Kyne walked over to the hearth and stood warming his fingers. Lorrimer and Bartlett sat down on the club fender.

There was a little silence. Finally Lorrimer muttered:

"I just can't figure it."

"Figure what?" Kyne turned, rolled his cigar between his lips and brought it to rest at a defiant angle.

"How the bird who did that shooting," he said slowly, "ever got down out of the Campanile without being seen. How do you dope it, captain?"

"I'm not doping it—not yet," Kyne said shortly. "Give me a little time, will you? This case isn't going to be worked out in an hour or two, sergeant. Better get that into your head right now. It shows planning, see? It shows mighty clever planning. I'm not saying we're up against a super-criminal—there isn't any such thing, Lorrimer. But I'm admitting already that we're up against somebody with plenty of brains and, probably, plenty of nerve."

Lorrimer shook his head, sighing. "But it seems so blamed impossible, that's all."

Kyne turned back to the fire. "Oh, dry up!" he said without any particular rancor.

Dr. Hawley, wearing a dark blue smoking jacket over silk pajamas, came in after a few moments. He was in his late thirties, a little above average height, well proportioned. His head was massive and well shaped, his hair black save for a streak of iron gray which ran from his left temple to the top of his head. His eyes were gray and large and intelligent. He looked more like a prosperous broker than a man of science. He was, above everything else, modern. And perhaps therein lay his success as a teacher, as a scientist, as an author of several popular textbooks.

He greeted the three men in a quiet, friendly way and sat down between Lorrimer and Bartlett.

"A most unpleasant business, isn't it?" he remarked. Then, in answer to Kyne's quick look, he added: "One of the boys just brought in a Herald extra. It gave only the bare details, of course."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Recipes Readers Request

Spiced Sweet Vinegar.

MIX 5 pounds sugar with 1 pint vinegar, 1 cup water, a few whole cloves and a stick of cinnamon and simmer until as thick as desired.

Cream Cheese Pastry.

CREAM ½ pound butter and 1 package cream cheese. Work in 2 cups sifted flour, 3 tablespoons sugar and 2 teaspoons salt, mixed and sifted together. Chill in ice box overnight. Turn out on floured board and roll thin. Use for cheese straws, tiny cheese biscuits, or as tiny pastry shells for fruit jelly or jam.

Tarragon Vinegar.

DRIED tarragon leaves may be used if the fresh ones are not available. Place a cup of clean dry tarragon leaves in a sterilized quart jar. Fill the jar to overflow with good vinegar. Cover and let stand in a cool cupboard for two or three weeks. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Pour into a sterilized bottle and cover with a clean cork.

Stewed Wild Ducks.

CUT wild ducks in pieces for serving. Boil 10 minutes in water to cover with 1 raw carrot and 1 onion. Drain. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and cook in hot salt pork fat until brown. Add to the water in which the ducks were parboiled the giblets of the ducks, a chopped onion and a bunch of sweet herbs. Add the browned pieces of duck, cover and cook gently until tender, about 2 or 3 hours. Remove the pieces of duck and place in warming oven. Strain the liquid in which they were cooked, return to the heat and thicken with flour browned in the oven. Add 1 cup cream mixed with 1 egg. Stir until egg is set. Pour the sauce over the duck meat and garnish with sprigs of heart celery and sliced lemon.

Currant Jelly Sauce.

MELT 1 cup currant jelly in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¼ cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with 3 tablespoons cold water. Stir until boiling point is reached. Boil about 10 minutes and add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and strain.

Quick Fudge Filling.

MELT 4 ounces sweet chocolate over hot water. Add 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat 1 egg white until stiff. Beat 1 egg yolk until thick. Add the yolk to the chocolate mixture and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Use as filling and frosting for a two-layer cake.

Tomato Catsup (From Canned Tomatoes).

MIX 1 can of tomatoes, a scant teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 small grated onion, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, a thin slice from 1 clove of garlic, 1 stalk of celery, ½ cup vinegar and 3 sprigs of parsley (omit parsley, if you like). Simmer gently until thick. Press through sieve, reheat and seal. This will make about 1 pint of good catsup.

Avocado Mousse.

MIX ¼ cup water and 4 tablespoons sugar and boil until it forms a syrup. Cool. Beat ½ pint cream until stiff and add the cold syrup slowly. Wash and remove skin from 1 ripe avocado. Slice enough to make about ¼ cup. Press the remaining pulp through potato ricer or fruit press. Beat until light with 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg white and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Fold the avocado into the cream and freeze.

Snowballs.

WASH and cream ⅓ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually, ½ cup milk and 2¼ cups flour sifted again with 3½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered cups and steam about 35 or 40 minutes. Serve with quince marmalade or apricot sauce.

Luncheon Corn Muffins.

MIX and sift 1 cup home-ground corn meal, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 egg beaten with 1¼ cups milk. Beat well and add 3 tablespoons melted shortening. Beat well and turn into small buttered muffin pans and bake about 20 or 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

HAIR COMING OUT?

Check It By This Famous Method To Avoid Baldness

Stimulate New Hair Growth!

A good head of hair is worth the finest care. Watch out if it is falling or thinning out—or baldness may result. Dandruff, sluggish circulation, impoverished hair follicles—these are the principle causes of this condition.

It requires something more than a "tonic" or regular washings of the scalp to check it and encourage new hair growth. It needs a powerfully stimulating, nourishing, activating treatment like

GLOVER'S

to get the results you want. Glover's Mange Medicine used in combination with Glover's Medicated Soap and Glover's System of Massage is the most potent scalp treatment ever discovered. It has saved the hair of millions of men and women. It will do it for you, too.

The clean breath of the pine forests in Glover's is the pine tar in it—without which it would not give you the same benefits. This makes it easy to distinguish Glover's from imitations of it.

Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's and start using this famous treatment today. Or have your Barber or Beauty Shop give it to you regularly. *Write for free booklet* on Care and Treatment of the Hair by a famous authority.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
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New better way to
REMOVE HAIR

Simply apply Delatone and wipe away all superfluous hair. Leaves skin soft and smooth. Easy, quick, economical. Try it—it's white, fragrant and superior. No razor risk. Used by millions of women for 25 years. Delatone is reliable.

Delatone Cream 50c and $1. Delatone Power $1 at drug and dept. stores; 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores.

We recommend our new product NUL—the double-action deodorant. 35c for large size (cream or powder); 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores. The Delatone Company, Dept. 16A, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

GET RID OF ATHLETE'S FOOT THE EASY WAY

Bathe feet morning and night with Resinol Soap and hot water, allowing lather to remain ten or fifteen minutes to aid in killing fungus. Apply Resinol Ointment gently but abundantly, letting it remain until next dressing.

This simple treatment goes to work at once and clears up even the most stubborn cases of "athlete's foot." First, it soothes the inflamed skin and relieves the itching torment. Then as the Resinol medication works into the pores it kills the infection and hastens the healing. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap at any drug store. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 15, Baltimore, Md.

Cuticura Cares For Your Skin

The medicinal and healing properties of the **Soap** not only thoroughly cleanse the skin, but are most beneficial and helpful to it. If you are troubled with pimples or other skin eruption the **Ointment** will quickly heal.

Write for special folder on the care of the skin

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 8T. Malden, Mass.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Preferred

. . . What America likes, it likes in a big way. Years ago, the nation decided that Blue Ribbon Malt was deserving of its enthusiastic preference. So they made it America's Biggest Seller

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WHEREVER YOU GO, YOU FIND
BLUE RIBBON MALT
AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLER

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Nothing Better

AT ANY PRICE

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is the last word in purity—that's why it is recommended by doctors the world over. It's a standard first aid remedy for cuts, burns, scalds and bruises; for the treatment of colds, fever blisters, dry nostrils, windburn, and dozens of other things. Keeps baby free from chafing. Absolutely pure, safe.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain

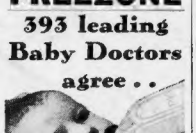
Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and calluses lift right off! You'll laugh—it is so easy and doesn't hurt a bit!

Just drop FREEZONE on any tender, touchy corn. Instantly stops aching; then shortly you just lift that old bothersome corn right off with your fingers. It works like a charm, every time. Seems like magic!

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it!

FREEZONE

393 leading Baby Doctors agree . .



Pediatricians insist upon the importance of uninterrupted feeding schedules. That is why so many of them suggest Pyrex Nursing Bottles! For these bottles are practically immune to breakage from the hottest water or coldest refrigerator!

For the entire nursing period, just six Pyrex Nursing Bottles are generally sufficient!

Two sizes, 5-oz., narrow neck or wide mouth, at 25c; 8-oz., with narrow neck, at 15c.

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y., and indicates their brand of heat-resisting glass. These prices are in effect in the United States only.

PYREX NURSING BOTTLES

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

ITCHING FEET AND TOES

Quickly Relieved and Healed!

End your misery from the intense itching of ringworm infections of the feet and toes by using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—a proved remedy that clears up "Athlete's Foot", "Gym Foot" and "Golfer's Itch" rapidly and completely. This powerfully antiseptic and germicidal ointment is a guaranteed specific for these conditions. The very first application stops all itching. It quickly kills the germs and soon heals the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin and restores it to normal. Get this sure relief today at your drug, department or shoe store. Price $1.00 jar; trial size 50¢.

Dr. Scholl's Solvex

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Up-to-the-Minute Tasty Fish Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Savory Baked Bluefish.

SPLIT and bone a bluefish, place on a buttered baking sheet and bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven. Cream ½ cup butter, add 2 egg yolks and beat until smooth. Add 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced capers (if you like the flavor), 2 tablespoons minced pickles and 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley (if you like the flavor), 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains paprika. Sprinkle fish with salt, spread with the butter mixture, and continue baking until fish is done. Remove to serving dish and garnish with potato balls, lemon cups and sprigs of parsley.

Baked Codfish.

CLEAN a 4 or 5 pound codfish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush over with lemon juice, stuff with favorite stuffing, sew in position with coarse white thread, and lard with narrow strips of salt pork. To lard a medium-sized fish make several gashes on each side of backbone, and with a metal skewer insert the narrow strips of fat salt pork. Place the fish on greased fish sheet in a dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with flour and place several small pieces of fat salt pork around the fish. Bake about 1 hour in a rather quick oven, basting several times during the baking.

Deviled Smoked Salmon.

MIX ¼ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 or 3 cloves, a bit of bay leaf and 5 or 6 peppercorns. Pour this mixture over 1 or 2 pounds of smoked salmon and let stand for several hours. Drain and fry the slices in hot fat and serve immediately with a garnish of lemon slices or lemon cups.

Savory Relish (Very Good With Fish).

FINELY chop 1 pint of hard white cabbage. Add 2 minced green or red peppers, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon celery seed and 1 teaspoon mustard seed. One-fourth cup brown sugar may be added if desired. Mix well and serve cold.

Sardines With Spinach.

COOK 1 peck of spinach, drain and finely chop. Heat 1 cup of fresh bread crumbs in ¼ cup butter. Add the spinach and 1 dozen pounded sardines that have had bones removed. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a little hot broth to moisten, if necessary. Turn out on a serving dish. Garnish with sliced, hard cooked eggs, whole sardines and sliced lemon.

Sauce for Fish Cocktail.

MIX 2 tablespoons vinegar with 1 teaspoon minced chives, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon melted butter, ¼ teaspoon tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish and ½ cup tomato catsup.

Old-Fashioned Shrimp Stew.

COOK 1 minced onion and ½ clove of garlic in ¼ cup butter until onion is soft, but not brown. Remove the garlic and add ¼ cup sifted flour, ½ teaspoon made mustard, ⅛ teaspoon sugar, a few grains pepper, 1¼ teaspoons salt and a little paprika. Blend well. Add 2 cups canned or fresh cooked shrimp and 3 cups rich milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. If you like the flavor of parsley add 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley and serve immediately. Do not use parsley unless you are sure your guests like it, too.

Fish Souffle.

MELT 4 tablespoons fat in top of double boiler, add 4 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt and blend well. Add 2 cups milk and stir until smooth and creamy. Cover and cook over hot water about 20 minutes. Pour slowly over 3 well beaten egg yolks, and when cool add 2 cups flaked fish and ½ cup bread crumbs. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven 45 or 50 minutes, or until the mixture is firm in center. Serve with creamed green peas.

American Weekly Patterns

to the Home Dressmaker, send 10 cents in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterl-Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (7902). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material, together with 1 and one-sixth yards of contrasting material for sleeves and belt.

A PLEASING FROCK FOR HOUSE OR PORCH (FOR THE LARGER WOMAN) (7908). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 will require 4⅛ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting material. Without contrast and with long sleeves, 4⅛ yards 35 inches wide.

AN ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES (7912). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33¼, 35, 36½, 38), and 40 and 42. Size 16 will require 4¼ yards of 35-inch material, together with ⅛ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7922). Designed in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. To make the 3-year size with long sleeves will require 2 yards of 29-inch material. With short sleeves, 1¾ yards.

A PRETTY BLOUSE (7900). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 1⅞ yards of 39-inch material.

GIRL'S CAPE (7928). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material, together with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting material for collar and its facing. To line the cape requires ⅞ yard.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15 cents in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Eggs Aurora, Radishes, Graham Biscuits, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Creamed Chipped Beef, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Broiled Bacon, Corn Meal Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Tomatoes with Bacon, Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Salt Codfish Cakes, Poached Eggs, Corn Cake, Coffee.	Fruit, French Omelet with Broiled Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Quick Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Prepared on Saturday)*
Turkish Pilaf or Baked Macaroni, Spinach with French Dressing, Berry Shortcake, Iced Tea.	Egg Salad Sandwiches, Cream Pie, Iced Tea.	Creamed Bluefish au Gratin (Left-Over), Parsley Potatoes or Spaghetti, Biscuits, Pineapple Cup.	Club Sandwiches, Date Bars, Iced Fruit Punch.	Home-Made Succotash, Watercress and Radish Salad, Sour Cream Gingerbread, Iced Tea.	Cold Corned Beef with Mustard, Shredded Cabbage and Chopped Tomato Relish, Rolls, Rhubarb and Banana Surprise.	Cold Roast Lamb, Mint Jelly, Delmonico Potatoes, Buttered Lima Beans, Macedoine Vegetable Salad, Chocolate Macaroon Bavarian, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner (Quick Supper)	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Picnic Style)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Supper*
Mexican Corn Custard, Muffins, Tomato Salad on Heart Lettuce, Cookies.	Savory Baked Bluefish, Drawn Butter Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Favorite Green Salad, Rhubarb Jelly with Whipped Cream.	Broiled Lamb Chops, Buttered Peas, Stuffed Tomato Salad (Cucumber Jelly), Ice Box Rolls, Apple Pie, Cream Cheese, Coffee.	Cold Roast Beef (Sliced Thin), Potato Salad with Vegetable Garnish (Grated Raw Carrot, String Beans and Asparagus Tips), Dressing, Rolls, Pineapple Apricot Sherbert, Delicate Cake.	Old-Fashioned Shrimp Stew, Buttered Noodles, Green Peas, Cucumber Salad with Chives French Dressing, Fruit Sponge, Delicate Cake (Left-Over).	Roast Leg of Lamb, Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Baked Bananas, Ice Box Strawberry Shortcake, Coffee.	Lettuce and Tomato Sandwiches, Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Left-Over Dessert, Iced Punch.

FREE $250 IN CASH

in a fascinating Contest to help you to memorize the name Parker "Quink"

NEW QUICK-STARTING INK

Cleans Your Pen as it writes

Secret Solvent Prevents Clogging

This new discovery in writing ink—Parker Quink—dries on paper 31% faster than other inks—yet DOES NOT DRY IN A PEN!

Contains a secret solvent which dissolves the sediment left by other inks. This ends pen-clogging. *Quink cleans your pen as it writes.*

Simple, isn't it? But it cost The Parker Pen Company $50,000 to produce the first bottle.

Parker developed Quink to guard their famous Parker Pens from inks that clog and gum. Use Quink and your pen—regardless of make—will work like a charm.

Now Parker offers $250 cash prizes to help you memorize the name Parker *Quink*.

HOW TO WIN

(1) In this amazingly fascinating contest all you do is see how many standard English words you can make from the letters in the words "PARKER QUINK CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES." Here's an example—P-A-R. Here's another—A-R-K. Easy as pie, isn't it?

(2) List words and number them in order under your name and address and send *in together with a top torn from the carton that comes around every 15c or 25c bottle of Parker Quink*, or a drawing of the top. Address the "Parker Quink Judges," Dept. A. W.-87, Janesville, Wis.

(3) For the longest, most accurate lists: First prize $100, Second prize $50, Third, prize $25; Fourth to eighteenth prizes $5.00 each.

(4) In case of tie for any prize, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Judges' decisions based on Webster's dictionary and neatness of list will be final. Winners will be notified by mail. No entries returned.

(5) Use a letter only as many times as it appears in the words contained in the sentence.

(6) Foreign, Obsolete, Archaic, Poetic, Proper Names or Proper Nouns, Prefixes or Suffixes, Abbreviations or Contractions will not count.

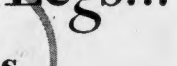
(7) Words spelled exactly alike but having different meanings will not be counted as separate words.

(8) Not more than one prize to a family.

(9) Write your list now. Plenty of chances to win from $5 to $100 cash!

(10) Replies must be postmarked on or before July 4, 1933.

DEATH NOTICE FOR ANTS



KILL THEM IN THE NEST!

ANTROL ... quick ... sure ... inexpensive. Astral Syrup kills the queen and whole ant family—the only lasting way.

NEW LOW PRICES now at usual drug, hardware stores. Write Antrol, Dept. 33, 651 Imperial St., Los Angeles, for free pamphlet on pest control.

ANTROL

"I've learned how to Flatter My Legs...

smooth-fitting stockings give me this beauty"

"I find washing my stockings in Lux makes them fit better than when I rubbed them with cake soap. My legs look even slimmer and more graceful than when they're bare. And I almost never have runs now!"
ELEANOR FRENCH

EVERY girl likes to have lovely, trim-looking legs. It's easy—if you're careful to keep stockings always smooth-fitting by preserving their *elasticity*.

Lux is specially made to preserve the *elasticity* silk has when new—that wonderful live quality that makes stockings fit like a second skin. Rubbing with cake soap . . . washing with ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali . . . *weaken* elasticity. Then stockings tend to sag and wrinkle. The lifeless threads *break* easily, too. The slightest strain may start runs.

Lux stockings every night and you'll be amazed how well they *fit*—and *wear!*

Mrs. R. Dingman washed 408 items with 1 box of Lux:

40 pairs stockings
6 cotton dresses
8 suits underwear
48 table napkins
16 panties
10 slips
4 girdles
9 pajamas
4 runners
84 towels
80 doilies
16 bloomers
12 nightgowns
28 men's shirts
12 pairs socks
8 lunch cloths
24 place mats

LUX for stockings { *saves the E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y that makes them fit and wear*

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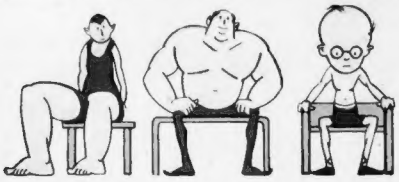
What do you mean.. "BALANCED VALUE"

It is often said that people are not interested in car details. But the automobile is so large a purchase, and is so useful in daily life and business, we believe that you do care—and that you do want to know that the car you buy will be a car of Balanced Value—because then it will wear slowly and evenly, and therefore will be more dependable and economical.



The human individual and the motor car have one very interesting thing in common: if one faculty in a person is developed to an exaggerated degree, we say that person is *unbalanced*. He is somewhat of a freak.

The same thing is true of a motor car. No one vital part can be extended to the scientific limit without throwing the rest of the works "out of kilter."

The aim of the automobile manufacturer who serves the broad market is to design and manufacture a vehicle that will please so many people that the demand for the product will permit a price within the reach of hundreds of thousands. A car answering this description might well be said to have "*balanced value*." Now let's break down "balanced value" into its ingredients and examine them one by one.

What do you mean— ECONOMY

The ordinary household furnace will illustrate this point: Put in a heating plant too small and spend your life feeding it fuel. Red-hot one minute and out the next. Up the chimney goes the heat, carried away in the vain attempt to force an undersize generator.

In contrast, however, the Pontiac Straight Eight engine has ample capacity. At average driving speed, its 77-horsepower capability is only partially used. It is "taking it easy," like a furnace with the damper turned. Fifteen or more miles to the gallon of gas—and quiet, smooth-as-silk operation. Ready and eager for 78 miles an hour when required. Isn't that balanced economy?

Why should the owner credit good tight compression to the electro-plated pistons that he has never seen?

Why should he give thanks to their balanced weight, none varying an eighth of an ounce? Piston-pin knock is absent—but is he aware of the expense the manufacturer assumed in tunneling the connecting rods so that oil could reach the pins? How can the owner be expected to credit 35 live rubber cushions, a doubly-balanced counter-weighted crankshaft, over-lapping main bearings, and Pontiac's own harmonic balancer—all invisible—for the almost total absence of Vibration, the destroyer of automobiles.

No—even after tens of thousands of miles of economical service, the blissful owner knows simply that his Pontiac still *runs well*. Only its makers know why. So what of it?

What do you mean— DURABILITY

Nothing is more dear to the heart of an automobile owner than the feeling that his car is durable and dependable.

What are the elements of durability in a motor car? They are few and simple: (a) first-grade materials; (b) an ample measure of materials; (c) proper disposition of weight and reinforcements; (d) absence of destructive vibration; (e) provision for easy servicing.

Pontiac's balanced construction brings it, nearest of all cars, to the ideal expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay":

"'For,' said the Deacon, 'it's mighty plain
That the weakest place must stand the strain,
And the way to fix it, as I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place as strong as the rest.'"

What do you mean— COMFORT

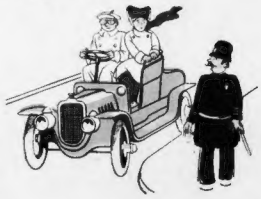
Have you got a "napping chair" in your living room? The one that someone must have built to fit the likes of nobody but you? Well, there are five of 'em in the Pontiac sedan—five places to sit and catch up on your rest. Think of what's between you and the bumps: deep, soft seat and back cushions; 35 live rubber pads; four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers; long, easy springs and big, soft tires, 17 x 5.50.

Here in reality is a lounging chair on wheels that makes solid comfort a matter of course to the Pontiac owner. Short legged or long, he adjusts the seat to the pedal reach; and at his pleasure, with a finger touch he readjusts—to prevent even that slight tedium that comes from the monotony of inertia.

What do you mean— SAFETY

How much safety do you want? How much safety can a designer put into a car without unbalancing the factors of performance and price?

There are two kinds of safety features—those that *prevent* accidents and those that protect the driver and passengers *should an accident occur*. You can build a car safe, but, of course, you can't make the driver drive it safely. Adequate and scientific lights for night driving; a stout frame; a strong Fisher body; ample brakes; safety glass windshield; handy controls; an effective warning signal; absence of sharp angles, corners or projections—these are some of the many safety features in the Pontiac, balanced against the hazards of traffic and the human equation.



Remember when you used to sit perched *on top* of an automobile, hanging on for dear life when rounding a corner? Remember when you always "put on the brakes" for the driver, and sucked in your breath as the car slowed down?

Those days—not so long ago, either—are gone forever. Pontiac has included, in its balanced design, features that make riding safer than walking. And nobody could ask for more than *that!*

What do you mean— PERFORMANCE

Did you ever drive or ride a tough-bitted nag? Sluggish, lazy, stubborn. Ply the whip with no result. Yank the reins with unwilling response. Just a "plug"—no life—no spirit. A motor car with those characteristics drives you mad—tires you out trying to supply, with your own nervous energy, what the car lacks in gumption.

But when it happens that a person whose mind is alert to impressions sinks back into the driver's seat of a Pontiac (*a 1933 Straight Eight Pontiac*) and bids it perform; he marvels at the car's sensitive but positive response to his desires. So perfect is the coordination that the slightest impulse of the body—touch of finger, touch of toe—finds instant response in velocity, in direction, in deceleration, in all those matters which affect the mental ease and bodily comfort of the motorist.

Here is a big, long, eight-cylinder engine, perfected long before these 1933 Pontiacs were built; for here is one time when a car was actually built around an engine.

What do you mean— APPEARANCE

Here is another factor that is open to argument. After the working parts are nicely in balance, along comes the sculptor to fashion a container—as a watch case encloses the works. It must tempt and delight the eye and it must hit the wind with little resistance. Then the artist follows with his pigments and the result is what you see and call "the car." You say . . . "It's smart" . . . or . . . "It's graceful", . . . or . . . "It's conservative" . . . or . . . "It's awkward looking"—whatever you think. Of the Pontiac we hope you will say, "It's truly good looking; not too extreme; pleasing in line and form; refined in appointments; rich in texture; generous in the quality and quantity of its materials; in short, a beautifully balanced thing to the eye and to the touch."

How it is that you get BALANCED VALUE

Because Pontiac delivers balanced design, the buyer receives balanced *value*. And after all, that is what nine out of ten people hope to find in their cars. How many are disappointed? Are you—in the car you now own? Then seek a Pontiac dealer. He will let you try the Economy Straight Eight—the car of balanced value. If possible, get him to let you drive one that has gone over a lot of road.

Then, and not before, will you understand and feel, yourself, the inspiration that guided the designer's hand when he blended Economy, Durability, Comfort, Safety, Performance and Appearance into Pontiac, the Economy Straight Eight—*The Car of Balanced Value.*

What do you mean— CHEAPER TO BUY A NEW CAR

Whether or not it will be cheaper for you to buy a new car than to continue running the old car depends on the condition of the old car; how modern it is. It is a fact, however, that very often a new car is an economy. The Pontiac dealer will gladly help you figure your real costs—so you can decide on the facts. Easy GMAC terms.

What do you mean— LOW PRICE

We mean $585 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac—for Pontiac, the Economy Straight Eight—a typical General Motors Value. A good car to buy.

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Visit the General Motors Building, Century of Progress, Chicago, June 1 to November 1.

The 4-door Sedan, $695, f. o. b. Pontiac. Special equipment extra.